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THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE EVELINA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Sir Lyon Playfair has the courage of his Christian name. He has actually told the good folk of Camberwell that he doesn't see why people shouldn't read what they like. "No man can settle which are the best hundred books for Camberwell or any other place, and everyone should learn to distinguish the gold from the tinsel for himself." Here is a sentiment very unlike what is expected of a gentleman of distinction asked to open a public library. The speeches delivered on such occasions are generally models of Prudence—and Pretence. They are like the orations of a head master addressed to a school that is by no means breaking up and going away for the holidays, but to one about to commence its studies. There is no hint of leisure, far less of amusement, in them. The audience, composed chiefly of adults who have to work for their bread, and have no time to themselves until the evening, are gravely informed that they have now the opportunity of educating themselves; for this purpose a list of books sufficient for the natural life of a gentleman of independent means is read out to them, with directions for use, as in the case of household medicine. They listen, greatly impressed with the learning of the individual who can "carry so many things" (that is, the titles of them) "in his head." He gives them examples of mechanics and others who have found this or that abstruse volume "the turning-point in their career"; he makes complimentary allusions to Plato, the steam-engine, and Mr. Samuel Smiles; he introduces the story of Sir Isaac Newton's having a large hole cut in his door for the cat and a small hole for the kitten, which is received with rapture, but his other references to that philosopher—and there are a good many of them—are less successful. He persuades, perhaps, half a dozen young people, who are already educated far beyond their wits, to continue in the same course of study. The rest of the company stream out into the open air with a great sense of relief, and a stubborn determination to confine their future reading to the shelves in that Public Library labelled "Fiction." Sir Lyon Playfair has had the sagacity to foresee this, and to please his audience while pursuing the lines of common-sense. Civil and religious liberty have long been established in this country; but literary liberty has been denied us. It is true we take it all the same; but Sir Lyon is the first to declare that we have a right to take it. To find a man of education in these days protesting against the cant of the professional educationalists is a great discovery. Mr. Robert Lowe did the same good service for us in connection with the ancient classics, and was made a nobleman (I conclude, in consequence), as he deserved to be.

It is only natural, in an epoch in which prize-fighting has been revived, that there should be a resuscitation of practical jokes. It is, perhaps, the last protest of the dissolute and the unlearned against an age of examinations and Board schools. I can remember when the twisting off of door-knockers used to be a favourite amusement alike with Marquises and medical students. There was even a museum established by one of these milk-and-water mohawks, in Brompton, for the exhibition of such trophies. He had, however, some humour, for I remember his astonishing a fancy ball at Portsmouth by appearing as a convict with a ring round his leg. There was still a lower deep than that of the knocker-stealers—those who stole bells. They were not the "gilt youth" of the Metropolis, but an imitation of them in brass; nevertheless, it was the more dangerous sport, since in breaking the wire they rang the bell, and discovery followed on the heels of the offence. This amusement, I read, has been revived by some young gentlemen, to the extent of ringing the bells in a whole neighbourhood: they thought it "fun" to bring the poor "slaves" up the kitchen stairs on a fool's errand. (A good cadi would have seen that each of them received ten shillings out of the pockets of the offenders; but that is by the way.) What a rudimentary notion of humour is here exhibited!

When our forefathers went in for "larks," they were on a large scale, and though, of course, morally deplorable, had something laughable about them. The finest practical joke, perhaps, that was ever played was on the good people of Chester. The idea was evidently borrowed (from Dick Whittington), but its execution was original, and still tickles the heart-strings. At the time of Buonaparte's departure for St. Helena, a respectably dressed man distributed handbills in Chester stating that the island was overrun by rats, and that her Majesty's Ministers were resolved on getting rid of them at once, for the convenience of the Ex-Emperor. Accordingly, on the third day from that date, cats would be purchased at the townhall at the following rates: "16s. for a full-grown Tom, 10s. for an adult female, and 2s. 6d. for every vigorous kitten that could suck milk and pursue a ball of thread." On the appointed day every street was thronged by "old women, boys, and girls, each carrying a bag or a hamper, which seemed to (and did) contain some restless animal." The experience of the gentleman who went to St. Ives, and met the fifty wives with cats and sacks, was nothing to it. As they drew near the receipt of custom, there was a tumult, which presently became a fight; the street boys opened the sacks and liberated the prisoners. "Such a scene," writes an eye-witness, "was never beheld. The enraged animals bounded on the heads and shoulders of the combatants, spitting and swearing. The citizens had opened their windows to gaze at the fun, and through them—up the pillars and the balustrades and galleries for which the town is famous—the cats rushed. Never since the days of Hugh Lupus were the drawing-rooms of Chester filled with such unwelcome guests." The next morning five hundred cats were seen floating on the Dee. This was a catastrophe, however, which the conceiver of the joke could hardly have foreseen. The letting the cats out of the bags must have been a great spectacle. "One crowded hour of glorious life," indeed.

It was the last piece of mischief done in the name of the Great Napoleon.

If we are criminally neglectful of the cruelties inflicted upon children, we are, on the other hand, very gentle and tender with our homicidal maniacs. A murder has only to be committed under especially revolting circumstances, and without apparent cause—except that love of cruelty and bloodshed that dwells in all brutal natures—to enlist the sympathy of a host of humanitarians. The last interesting individual who has claimed (and obtained) their favour has butchered a young girl of whose very name he was ignorant. "If I knew it," he says simply in court, "I would tell you," which is thought a very frank and pathetic observation. He never shows the least evidence of aberration, before the crime is committed. "Are you sure it is not sham?" inquires the Judge significantly of the doctors, who assure him that the poor man suffers from headache. Moreover, one of them gravely asserts that the prisoner's head "is very broad on the top and straight behind." If this is a sign of homicidal mania, neither "the drawing-rooms nor the clubs" are safe places. How dreadful it must be to be a Judge (if he is also a judge of human nature) to have to listen in silence to this sort of rubbish advanced in the cause of wretches the very atrocity of whose dispositions proves the means of their escape from justice! Indeed, as a matter of justice to them, one may well ask, Why, since a homicidal maniac is permitted to indulge his tastes with impunity on other people, should it not be gratified in his own case? It would not only be a personal favour, but a distinct gain to humanity; for, if it were well understood that murderers suffering from homicidal mania would be hanged, nothing is more certain than that there would be a great decrease of that convenient form of indisposition.

An extract from a letter "from a well-known man of letters," printed in the *Daily News*, contains this remarkable passage: "Spent a very pleasant evening at — yesterday, mainly owing to the fact that the hostess had provided absolutely nothing in the way of music or recitations for our entertainment." Sir Cornwall Lewis once observed that life would be more tolerable "if there were no such thing as 'a little music' in the world," but he seems to have escaped recitations. From gout (and other causes) I do not "move" much in society myself, and I had no idea this form of amusement was such a common treat. I know the charms of the music, and of the conversation that is its unconcerted accompaniment; I know the violent delights of the crush on the stairs and the rush to the supper-room; I know the hush and the hum that announce the advent of Royalty (exceedingly late); but recitations (such are my ignorance and seclusion) are, as a private entertainment, new to me. I used to recite myself (some years ago), in a black velvet frock tied with cherry-coloured ribbons, "My name is Norval," and other selected pieces, standing on the dining-room table. I think (in the same attire and position) I might make some sensation even now. If the "well-known man of letters" will be so good as to inform me what are the usual terms for (young) reciters, I shall be obliged to him.

If there should ever be a modern version of Æsop's "Fables," the narrative lately told us in the papers of the African chief and his physician should have a place in it. It is a tale full of moral teaching, not without a touch of humour, slightly sensational, and all true. It has also a special application to the medical profession in our own country. An African chief had a bad cold, and sent for his family physician. This gentleman could no more cure a cold than any M.D. in London, and was as little likely to confess it. His business, of course, was to give a prescription, not impossible to be made up, but a little out of the way, so as to inspire confidence, and suggest anatomical study. He prescribed a little fat cut from the heart of a fat man. Unhappily (for the doctor), all the attendants of the chief were lean, but the doctor himself (this is a very short story) was fat, and the chief, being as unaccustomed to wait for anything—far less a cure for a cold—as Louis XIV., immediately put him to death, and his advice into execution. There is a great hubbub about it, on account of the chief's district being "under British protection," but no one can have much pity for the doctor. What concerns us at home is the moral of the tale. European physicians—except M. Brown Séquard, whose nostrum for rejuvenescence seems something like it—do not advise such heroic remedies, but they often suggest others (such as expatriation to Nova Zembla), for colds, or, at least, for coughs, which are almost as out of the way and disagreeable. If they were liable themselves to what they recommend to be done to others, they would probably show more common-sense.

If the great gas gun can do what it is reported—no! is said to have done (there are no reports)—it is a very marvellous invention. To be not only smokeless, but soundless, is, like a soft voice in woman, "an excellent thing" in a gun, and much more unusual. A drop of liquified gas, the inventor tells us, is what does it all, and, except for the cost of the missile, five hundred shots can be fired for a penny, which is cheaper than shooting for nuts at a fair. Whether the effect upon savages, where noise is literally "half the battle," will be as great as that of our present "make-thunders" is doubtful, but persons of intelligence will probably be much more alarmed at its proceedings. The gun has only to be brought to "the present" to cause the absence of the object aimed at. One talks of being "overwhelmed by compliments," but here a mere pointed attention does for you. Martial poets, and the historians of battles, who have hitherto been suspected of plagiarism from the fact of their descriptions being so exceedingly like those of their predecessors, will now have something new to describe. The objection to war made by the fop in Shakspeare, in connection with saltpetre, will be done away with. What is of some consequence, too, to those who are not soldiers, Royal salutes will no longer give us headaches or shake us at our desks; a hundred guns may be fired in total silence, and the national

exchequer be only a few pennies the worse. The "practice" on sea and land that threatens the drums of our ears at so many summer resorts will be carried on without a sound. As for the efficiency of the gas gun, if it be true that "Mr. Stanhope tried the new weapon at the War Office, and fired through several reams of Bluebooks without disturbing anyone in the next room," it has been established beyond contention, for if it can "get through" a Bluebook it can surely get through anything.

It is a privilege to find oneself in sympathy with the great Dr. Parker, of the City Temple. His temptation, he tells us, on his summer holiday is to fall in love with eligible residences in picturesque situations, and set the house agents inquiring about particulars. If the houses are "adorned with woodbine or wistaria," it is only with the utmost difficulty that he can restrain himself from bidding for them on the spot. He counted "one hundred and seventy-two in the Isle of Wight" last month that would have "done very well," and ninety-seven even at Bournemouth that "looked likely." This is very much my case, but still more what follows. "When, however, I get back to the City Temple," adds the Doctor, "I feel that only a maniac could ever have thought of leaving it." I have no temple, but I feel the same with respect to my humble house in town.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SOUTHWARK.

On Thursday, July 24, the Prince and Princess of Wales, before meeting the Bishop of Rochester and others at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, to lay the first stone of the rebuilding of the nave and aisles, in the proposed work of architectural restoration described by us last week, visited the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, in Southwark Bridge-road. The Royal party, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were received by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., president of the committee, the Hon. Conrad Dillon, Dr. Playfair, Mr. A. B. Hutchins, Mr. F. W. Reynolds, and the medical staff. A bouquet of orchids, sent from Waddesdon, was presented to the Princess of Wales by a little patient nine years of age. The Royal visitors were then conducted through the wards. There are at present sixty-three patients, whose ages range from two to ten years, occupying cots in the hospital wards. The hospital is supposed to accommodate only this number of patients, and two of the smallest inmates were laid in baskets. From the time of its foundation—twenty-two years ago, by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, in memory of his wife, Baroness Evelina—the hospital has been always full, often too full. It has proved of great benefit to the population of South London; but there is a serious deficiency in the funds, and additional support is much needed. The Prince and Princess of Wales spent nearly half an hour in the bright and cheerful wards, and expressed their approval of the conduct of the establishment.

After the proceedings at St. Saviour's Church, their Royal Highnesses went to the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital, St. George's-circus, where the Prince of Wales performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new building. The route from St. Saviour's through High-street, Borough, Blackman-street, Newington-causeway, and London-road to St. George's-circus, was decorated with Venetian masts, flags, banners, and loyal mottoes. There was a triumphal arch improvised by the conjunction of two fire-escapes sent from the headquarters of the brigade, Southwark Bridge-road. The roadways were lined with thousands of spectators, who gave the Royal party a most enthusiastic reception. A large company was assembled under a marquee at the hospital to meet their Royal Highnesses. The reception committee included the Duke of Cambridge, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Bishop of Rochester, the Marquis of Carmarthen, M.P., the Earl of Kilmorey, Lord Cheylesmore, Mr. W. Brindley (treasurer of the hospital), Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P., and Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P. The new building will cost £20,000. It is being erected on a site belonging to the Corporation of the City and Colonel Temple West, who have granted an extended lease on generous terms.

Colonel Henry Smith has been elected by the Court of Common Council to be Commissioner of the City Police, in succession to Sir J. Fraser.

Mr. W. D. Graham Menzies of Hallybarton, Forfarshire, was married to Miss Cecilia Wombwell, daughter of Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 28. There were eight bridesmaids—Miss Wombwell, Lady Katherine Thynne, Lady Margaret Villiers, Lady Esther Gore, Lady Alice Dundas, Hon. Edith Dawson, and Miss Snow. Mr. Phipps acted as best man, and Sir George Wombwell gave his daughter away. The wedding presents included a star sapphire-and-diamond brooch from the Prince and Princess of Wales and a ruby-and-diamond brooch from the Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

The preachers on Sundays at Westminster Abbey during August are: The 3rd, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. Canon Blackley, Vicar of St. James-the-Less, Westminster; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Duckworth. The 10th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Duckworth. The 17th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. Canon Blore, D.D.; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Duckworth. The 24th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Duckworth. The 31st, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. H. R. Gamble, Curate of St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Duckworth.

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POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,
AUGUST 2, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-pence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dramatic season is all but over. When the new Adelphi play has been shown to us, I suppose we may be allowed to pack up our traps and be off, to forget matinees and first nights, and—if it is not still too damp—to lie down with an interesting book under a tree. But if it happens that there are many miserable mortals condemned to remain in London during August, I would earnestly advise them to take a trip to Stratford-on-Avon by the Saturday special. It means early rising, it is true. You must be at Euston sharp at 8.40 to catch the train, and I would advise intending travellers to secure a place in the part of the train that goes straight to Shakspeare's native town. The other section of the special goes to Warwick, and, reversing the journey, the excursionist ends at Stratford instead of beginning there. I had no idea before that so much could be done and seen between eight o'clock in the morning and eleven at night. Think of it all, and then open your mouths wide with astonishment! Stratford church and Shakspeare's tomb—seen at a disadvantage just now, for the restorer of old ruins is hard at work; Shakspeare's house and the Museum in Henley-street; the modern Memorial Theatre and Library, with Lord Ronald Gower's statue on the lawn by the river Avon; the celebrated Garrick Gainsborough at the Townhall; the school-house, the honours of which will be shown by an excellent guide, the Rev. De Courcy Laffan; a peep in at the Red Horse, most excellent of inns, to see the Washington Irving relics; a capital lunch at the Shakspeare Hotel, where actors are wont to foregather; a drive to Warwick along a lovely road of greenery; a tour through the Warwick Castle treasures, where may be seen pictures by Raffaele, Rubens, and Vandyck; another drive to Kenilworth, where we find a courteous antiquary ready to do the honours of the ruins; still another drive to Leamington, where anyone can rest awhile in the public gardens when the "band begins to play"; a first-rate dinner, excellently served, at the old Manor House Hotel; a quick railway ride home, and back to the Euston platform by 11.40. Well, I call that something like a day, and it contains knowledge as well as pleasure. It can all be done, dinner and lunch included, as well as tips, for 25s. The London and North-Western Company deserves success for such a spirited enterprise, and I cannot conceive a more delightful day in the country.

By this time, no doubt, Mr. Arthur Law's "Judge" goes better at Terry's than it did on the first night. The play contains a capital notion, several of the scenes are very funny, and the dialogue is often very smart. But, like so many three-act farces, it falls off. It is the old story. There is just material enough for one act, and it is spun out into three. Only a very gifted dramatist can write a three-act farce. The author, however, is lucky to get such a popular comedian as Mr. Penley for his principal character. He has only to open his mouth to provoke a roar. There is no such funny individuality on the stage as Mr. Penley, and it has been his ill luck to be connected with some of the most gruesome farces on record. When will he get a good play as well as a good part? Once more poor Miss Thorne has to play a character in which she is incessantly chaffed for being stout, and good-naturedly accepts the situation. Miss Cissy Graham and Miss Helen Leyton, who play twins, are charming sisters; and Mr. W. H. Herbert is as easy and natural as ever. Among the horrors of the play is a terrible reproduction of the voice of a squalling child, through one of the new diabolical inventions to perpetuate sound. What will not science do next? A screaming child is awful enough in real life, but through this ghastly machine it is infinitely worse than nature. It sounds like a passionate infant turned into a dissipated cornerake! But why on earth perpetuate to eternity the terrors of daily life? Fancy conceiving that the nervous mother or the irritable father would be pleased or amused by hearing a child cry on the stage! For a moment they get a relief from the nursery. They want peace. But they are asked to pay money to hear a child scream! Bother the phonograph, say I, with its squeaks and screams and howling babies! I can conceive a hard-worked Londoner being soothed by the song of a country bird or the mooing of a comfortable cow in a meadow. Sweet sounds should be preserved and potted by science; harsh sounds, never. But science has no mercy. When we go down to the seaside we shall be asked to pack up in our portmanteau a machine that records the street yells of the Strand. Fancy Melibceus and Corydon reposing under a tree and being soothed by the shrill yell of "Win-ner! Win-ner!" "Remember thou art mortal," said the slave to the Emperor, when he slapped his face during his triumphal procession. On the same principle science provides us with potted cries! Oh! the horror of it! Actually paying for the pleasure of hearing a fractious child yell its little heart out! If the phonograph can do no better than this, let it be "anathema maranatha"! C. S.

ELEPHANTS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A recent visit of Sanger's wild beast show to Stratford-on-Avon was the occasion of a remarkable sight. Eight elephants, varying in size and age, were taken to the river for bathing, and their gambols and freaks amused the spectators for a considerable time. They played with each other, rolled their huge bodies over and over, and dived, throwing up their hind legs in the most comical manner, provoking peals of laughter. Several abreast marched down the centre of the river, and so great was their enjoyment that all the efforts of the man in charge to induce them to come out were for some time futile. As a sight it was worth all their curious performances in the circus, and was evidently, as a return to their natural habits, very much to the taste of the huge creatures themselves. It was quite a revelation in natural history to many of those who had the pleasure of witnessing it; and if Shakspeare were still living at Stratford-on-Avon he would have appreciated the humorous expression of popular wonder at this strange exhibition. For, in a well-known scene of "The Tempest," he makes Trinculo observe, when he has found a new monster in the island, "Were I in England now (as once I was), not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; any strange beast there makes a man, when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar." It is plain that Shakspeare had mingled with the spectators at a wild-beast show in London, though he probably never saw an elephant, but read of it in that curious old book Topsell's "Historie of Four-footed Beasts," published in 1607. The animal is thrice mentioned in Shakspeare's plays.

Major Edward F. Cash has been appointed Inspector-General of the Gold Coast Constabulary.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in charging the grand jury at Chester Assizes, declared that legislation was absolutely necessary to stamp out the evil practice of carrying revolvers.

At a meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund, held at the Mansion House on July 28, the report stated that £41,061 had been received, and £39,101 was allotted to 113 hospitals and thirty-six dispensaries, £2050 being set apart to purchase surgical appliances.

THE SHAH'S GIFT TO A LADY.

The magnificent diamond ring shown in our Illustration is that which his Imperial Majesty the Shah has graciously sent to Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., by the hands of the Nawab Mirza Hasan Ali Khan, with an autograph letter in Persian, and the following translation:—

"After compliments,
"The time of our companionship with you, and the happy days passed in your neighbourhood, are a delightful souvenir of our last year's travels, and I continually revive in my recollections the pleasantness thereof. There was only one unrequitable deficiency—namely, the indisposition and (consequent) absence of your respected wife, Lady Borthwick, which left the gladness of our heart incomplete, and which is still recorded in the pages of our diary.
"Since we do not wish her Ladyship to permit her absence and our not meeting her to cause oblivion, we have sent a ring for her. And we make you a medium for expression of our heartfelt regards and an exponent of our affection and gratitude towards this family.
"NASR AD DIN, Shah."

RING PRESENTED BY
THE SHAH TO LADY
BORTHWICK.

A STEAM LIFE-BOAT.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has for several years been earnestly endeavouring to find a means of propelling life-boats mechanically. At the beginning of 1888 a proposal for a steam life-boat was submitted to the institution by Messrs. R. and H. Green, the well-known ship-builders at Blackwall, which, having passed through various modifications as the result of consultation with the committee and their professional officers, was accepted by the institution, and a steam life-boat, constructed of steel and propelled by a turbine wheel, has now been completed. This novel life-boat, which has been named the "Duke of Northumberland," is to be stationed for the present at Harwich. Its dimensions are: 50 ft. length; 12 ft. beam; extreme breadth, 14 ft. 3½ in.; extreme draught, laden, with coal, crew, and thirty passengers, 3 ft. 3 in.; displacement, 20 tons. No pains were spared to obtain a boat with the greatest possible strength compatible with lightness. The very best steel procurable was employed in her construction, having been first submitted to the severest cold tests. The riveting is a special feature, being far in excess of that usually employed in torpedo-boats and similar vessels. There are no less than 72,000 rivets, exclusive of screw-bolts and fastenings, in connection with the machinery. The strength of the hull is increased by a complete system of subdivision of longitudinal and transverse water-tight bulkheads, giving in all fifteen water-tight compartments, each of which can be rapidly drained by bilge-pumps and steam-ejectors. Great attention was paid to ensure stability, and several tests of a very practical nature were applied. The engines are of 170-horse power. The turbine, which is nearly horizontal, delivers water through the outlets at the rate of one ton per second, and draws its supply through a vertical scoop-shape inlet in the bottom, protected on each side by an elm side-keel, which also serves the purpose of keeping the boat upright when she takes the ground. The mean speed is eight and a half knots an hour. This boat can also sail, being rigged with a lug-sail and a jib. The well, perhaps the most important feature to a shipwrecked crew, is capable of comfortably accommodating thirty passengers, and is furnished with ten large freeing valves, which will promptly clear it of water in the event of its being flooded. This life-boat is painted in the well-known colours of the Life-Boat Institution, and presents a remarkably smart and business-like appearance.

STATUE OF MR. FORSTER.

It is four years since the lamented death of that true-hearted, just-minded, fearlessly independent Liberal statesman, the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., who has, like the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, a kindred spirit, left in the leading ranks of the political party to which they belonged no successor holding a similar position. Of Mr. Forster's great services to his country, none will be more surely remembered by future generations than his passing the Elementary Education Act of 1870, which is thus recorded in the following inscription on the pedestal of his statue, unveiled on Friday, Aug. 1: "William Edward Forster. Born July 11, 1818; Died April 5, 1886.—To his wisdom and courage England owes the establishment, throughout the land, of a National System of Elementary Education." The bronze statue, of which we now present an illustration, has been designed and modelled by Mr. Richard Pinker, sculptor, of Kensington, and cast by Mr. James Moore, founder, of Thames Ditton; the pedestal, of granite, is supplied by Messrs. John Mowlem and Co. It is erected in one of the small gardens of the Thames Embankment, in front of the offices of the London School Board, near the Temple Station of the Metropolitan District Railway, at the lower end of Arundel-street, Strand.

Colonel H. B. Sanderson, Bengal Staff Corps, has been appointed Judge-Advocate-General of the Indian Army.

Although the actual naval manoeuvres of the year will not begin for a few days to come, the various fleets have assembled, and have put to sea for a preliminary cruise and for gunnery practice, and all the general arrangements for the future have been definitely settled. The British Squadron, under Sir George Tryon, which left Portland on July 28, arrived in Falmouth Roads next evening. On his way down Channel, Admiral Tryon exercised the ships in fleet evolutions. Sir Michael Culme Seymour sailed with the hostile force on July 29, from Torbay. The reserve ships, under Commodore Powlett, returned to the Downs on the evening of the same day.

THE COURT.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Marie, Princess Victoria Melita, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, dined with the Queen on July 23, having previously visited the Royal Isle of Wight Agricultural Exhibition at Newport. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children arrived at Osborne on the 24th from London. Mr. and Mrs. Standish had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. In the evening some gentlemen had the honour of performing a selection of music in the drawing-room before the Queen and the Royal family. The 25th being the birthday of the Duchess of Connaught, H.M.S. Volage, Captain Ackland (guard-ship at Cowes), fired a Royal salute. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Marie, Princess Victoria Melita, Princess Alexandra, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Osborne. Accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Queen drove through West Cowes. The band of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own) played on the terrace during the Royal luncheon. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, and the Master of the Household. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room. The band of the Royal Marines Light Infantry played a selection of music, under the direction of Mr. George Miller, bandmaster. Her Majesty, on the 26th, opened a dock at Southampton, some account of which, with an illustration, will be found on another page. On her return from Southampton she was accompanied by Lord Knutsford, who was included in the Royal dinner-party. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein arrived at Osborne. On Sunday, the 27th, the Royal family attended Divine service at Osborne, when the Rev. A. Peile, Master of St. Katherine's, officiated. Princess Christian took leave of the Queen on the 28th, and left for Cumberland Lodge. The arrangements for the visit of the German Emperor to her Majesty the Queen are practically complete. His Imperial Majesty is expected to arrive on Aug. 4 at Osborne, where he will reside during his stay in England. Her Majesty has subscribed twenty-five pounds to the fund being raised for the families of the fishermen who were drowned two months ago on the West Coast of Scotland.

The Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, distributed at Marlborough House, on July 23, the awards granted by the Chapter-General of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England to persons who have distinguished themselves by acts of personal bravery on land. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute. On the 24th the Prince and Princess and their daughters visited Southwark, and were heartily cheered along the whole route, which the inhabitants had decorated with great taste. At St. Saviour's Church the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new nave. The Royal party next visited the Evelina Hospital (illustrated and described in another part of our Paper). The third engagement was the laying of the foundation-stone of the South London Ophthalmic Hospital, in St. George's-circus. In reply to addresses at both ceremonies, the Prince expressed the pleasure he felt in being associated in the work. One of the wards is to be named the Alexandra Ward, in commemoration of the visit. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud honoured Lord Alington with their company at dinner at Alington House, South Audley-street. Lord Alington afterwards gave a ball, expressly to meet the Prince and Princess. M. Jean de Reszké, M. Edouard de Reszké, M. Lassalle, and Madame Melba had the honour of singing before the Prince and Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud, on the 25th, at Marlborough House. Their Royal Highnesses were present at a ball given by the Marquis and Marquessa De Santurce at their residence on Carlton House-terrace. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their daughters, were present at the marriage, at St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 26th, of Mr. Edward Johnson with Mdlle. Vauthier, who superintended for thirteen years the studies of the Princesses of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses were present on the same day at the marriage, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, of the Hon. Blanche Colville, daughter of Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, with Captain Britten, R.N., and went afterwards to the wedding-breakfast. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday morning, the 27th, the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Duc D'Orléans and Dom Pedro of Coburg and Braganza visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince telegraphed to the General Assembly of Delegates to the International Congress on Inland Navigation, held at Manchester, that he hoped their deliberations might lead to practical and beneficial results. The Prince and Princess, with their daughters, left town on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House for the race week. The Princess has consented to become president of the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, and has forwarded 25 gs. to the funds, at the same time expressing the great pleasure with which she viewed the work of this hospital on the occasion of the recent visit of herself and the Prince.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh presented the prizes to the successful students at the Ryde School of Art on July 28.

The Duchess of Albany distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the annual exhibition, under the auspices of the Esher Cottage Garden Society, held, by her Royal Highness's permission, at Claremont Park, on July 24.

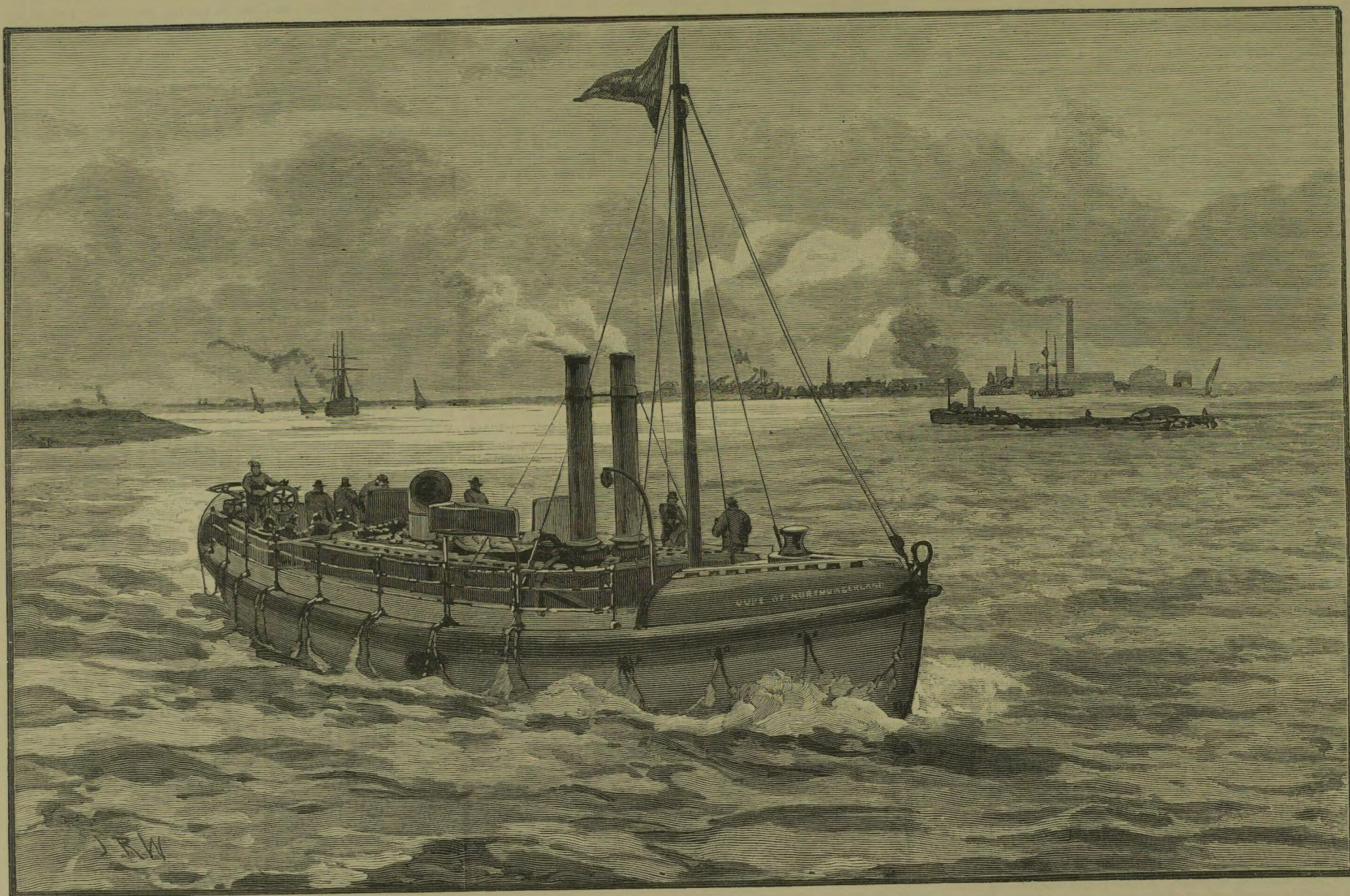
Princess Frederica distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the Walton-on-Thames annual regatta on July 26. The event concluded with a procession of illuminated boats and a fireworks display.

A notice appears in the *Gazette* varying the order already published appointing Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein a Knight Commander of the Bath. His Highness is now appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Order.

At a special meeting of the London County Council on July 28, Sir John Lubbock, on taking his seat, briefly acknowledged the honour the Council had conferred upon him in electing him Chairman. The recommendation of the Committee of the Chelsea Embankment Extension Scheme was carried by the Chairman's casting vote, and the scheme for widening High-street, Kensington, was rejected by a large majority. Another meeting of the London County Council was held next day, at which Sir Thomas Farrer was chosen vice-chairman, in the place of Sir John Lubbock. The Council resolved to contribute a sum not exceeding £18,000 to complete the purchase of about forty-eight acres of well-wooded land which it is proposed to add to Peckham-rye.



STATUE OF THE LATE RIGHT
HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., ON
THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

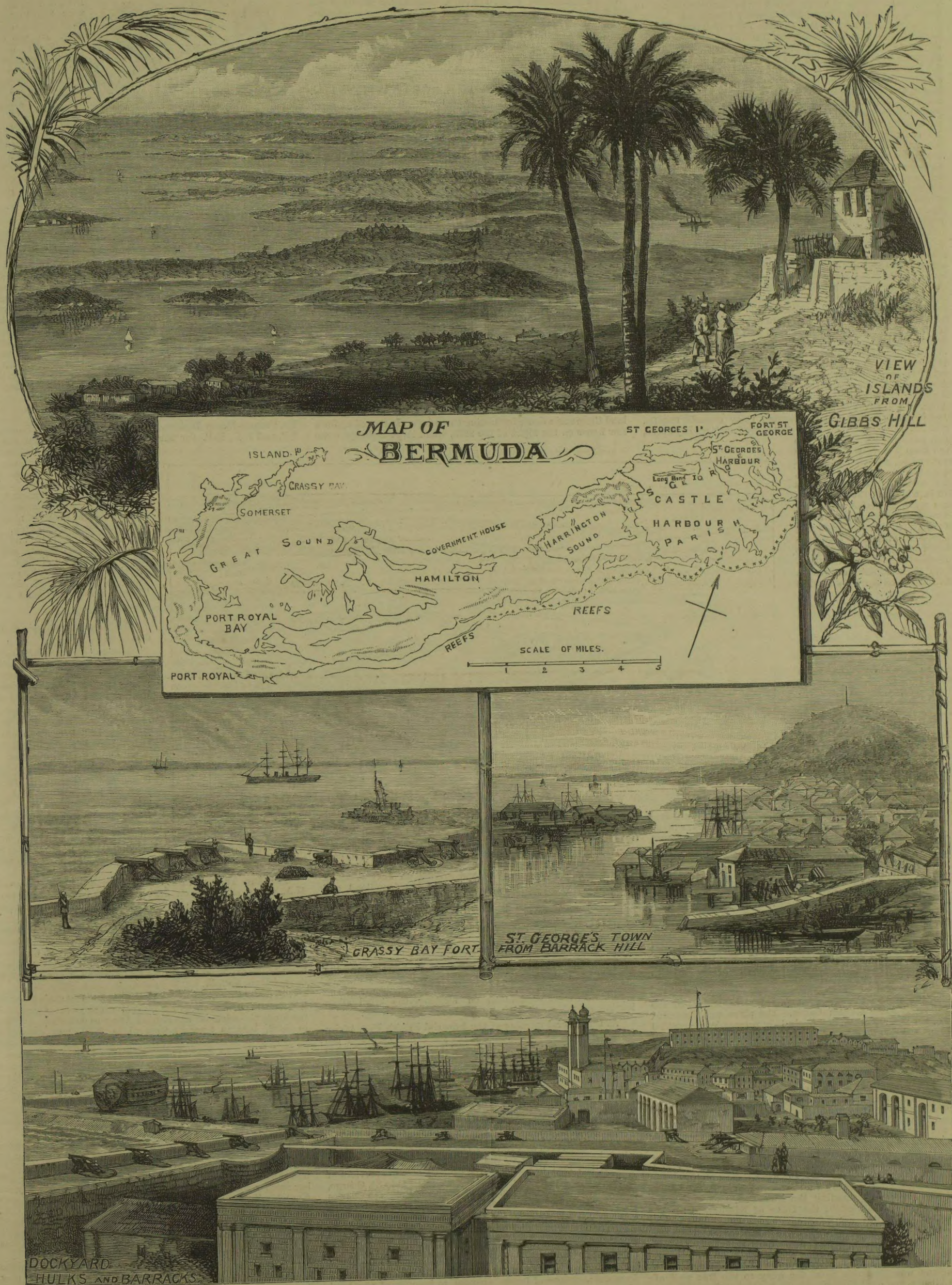


THE NEW STEAM LIFE-BOAT DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, BUILT OF STEEL, WITH HYDRAULIC PROPULSION.



"The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity."—SHAKESPEARE, "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Scene 3.

ELEPHANTS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



VIEWS IN BERMUDA, WHERE THE 2ND BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS ARE NOW STATIONED.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON.

Her Majesty the Queen, who was staying at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, July 26, visited Southampton, and graciously performed the ceremony of opening the new deep-water dock, which is to be called "the Empress Dock," in token of the wide extent of her Majesty's dominions.

The Southampton Docks, distant 78½ miles from London by the London and South-Western Railway, could not improbably supply much of the accommodation to shipping, for the commerce of London, which has been provided by the docks of the Thames, but the use of which has lately been threatened with disturbance by the dock labourers' strikes. For the passenger and mail traffic of steam-ship lines, though not for receiving and discharging cargoes and merchandise, Southampton has some decided advantages, as it considerably lessens the time on shipboard, while adding but an hour or two to the railway journey. The port of Southampton, in the estuary of the river Itchen, has a hydrographic peculiarity found in no other English port—that of double high-water tides, or a second high water about two hours after the first. This is accounted for by the Isle of Wight being situated across the entrance to Southampton Water; a portion of the tidal wave in its progress up the Channel becomes separated from the main body, and, flowing up the Needles passage into the Solent, reaches Southampton and causes the first tide. This tide beginning to ebb is stopped and driven back again by the main stream from Spithead, and thus is produced the second tide, about two hours later, and six inches higher than the first tide. As the water between these tides remains nearly stationary, vessels of deep draught have nearly two hours to enter or leave the docks without risk. The docks, however, are situated in a very safe and good strategic position within the land-locked port, and are accessible at all states of the tides, and in all weathers. They are owned by the Southampton Dock Company, were commenced in 1838, and opened for business in 1844. The estate of the company covers 208 acres, and there is a tidal basin of 16 acres, with an entrance 150 ft. wide, and a depth of nearly 31 ft. at high-water spring tides, and 27 ft. at high-water neap tides. Adjoining the basin is a close dock of 10 acres, with a depth over the sill of 29 ft. at spring tides, and 25 ft. at neap tides. The width at the entrance is 56 ft. The length of quays in the Tidal and Close Docks exceeds 7500 ft.; the Extension Quay exceeds 1800 ft., with 20 ft. of water at low tides. There are four large dry docks, with powerful machinery. The New Deep Water Open Dock, now constructed, affords further accommodation to large shipping. The entrance to the dock is 175 ft. wide, and the water area now made available is exactly 18 acres, with a uniform depth of 26 ft. at low-water spring tides—a sufficient depth, it should be said, to float the largest merchant-vessel in the world. From the entrance, moreover, a continuous channel, two miles long, of the same uniform depth, has been dredged, which extends to the natural channel of the river. The quay walls of the dock are built of solid concrete, and the copings, steps, and angles are of fine-grained Cornish granite. The walls extend 3786 lineal feet, and are 51 ft. high. The sea bank enclosing the dock is 1043 yards long, and is designed to resist a pressure of 25 ft. of water. The basis of this bank is of chalk, of which 87,208 tons were used. In dredging the channel outside the dock entrance about 230,000 yards—that is to say, 290,000 tons—were raised and removed, at the rate of 5000 tons a day. There is a complete system of railways throughout the dock property, fifteen miles in length, extending to all the quays and into and alongside each warehouse, and connected with the main line of the South-Western Railway, so that trucks pass direct between the docks and every railway system of the kingdom.

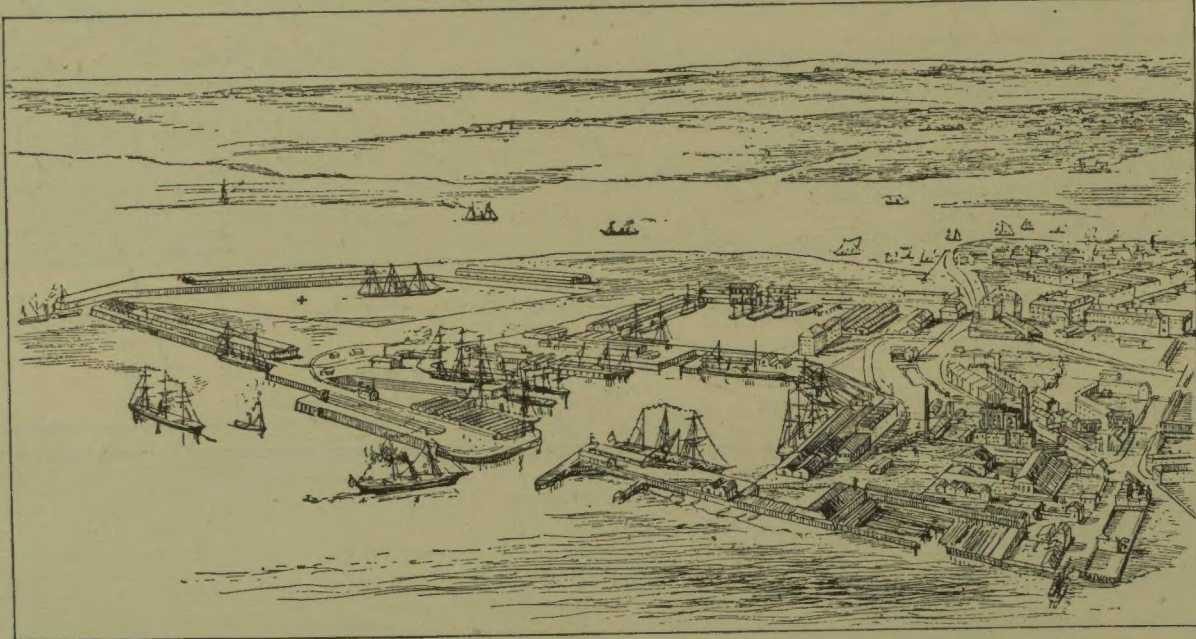
The opening ceremony, on July 26, was preceded by a luncheon, at which the Chairman and Directors of the Southampton Dock Company entertained six hundred guests in a temporary shed erected on the south-west quay of the new dock. Mr. Stewart Macnaghten, the chairman of the Dock Company, presided, and among those who supported him were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Northbrook, General Geary, the Bishop Suffragan of Guildford, Mr. Raikes, M.P., Lord Macnaghten, Sir W. Mackinnon, Sir G. B. Baden-Powell, Lord Knutsford, and Admiral Lord H. Kerr. After the luncheon, a large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the enclosed space on the quay, waiting for the arrival of the Royal yacht *Alberta*, from Cowes. The place was decorated with flags and red cloth, and every lady present was provided with a basket of roses. A guard of honour of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and another of the 1st Hants Artillery Volunteers, with their band, were drawn up there. Across the entrance of the basin a broad tape had been stretched, the breaking of which by the stem of the *Alberta* was to be the actual inauguration of the new dock. At half past four the *Alberta*, escorted by the Royal yacht *Elfin* and the *Fire Queen*, the yacht of the Admiral Commander-in-Chief, approached the mouth of the basin. Amid the strains of the National Anthem and the cheering of the spectators, the ribbon was cut, and the bouquet suspended in its centre was drawn on board and presented to her Majesty. The *Alberta*, which alone entered the dock, steamed slowly round the basin, and stopped alongside the quay. Her Majesty was seated beneath the awning in the stern of the Royal yacht, and beside her were standing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir H. Ponsonby, Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, and Captain Woodward. The Marines presented arms, the band played the National Anthem, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing on a crimson-covered dais on the quay, said two collects and repeated the Lord's Prayer. A gangway was then run from the quay to the fore part of the *Alberta*, and Lord Knutsford, with her Majesty's permission, invited the chairman and directors of the Dock Company and their secretary and engineer (Mr. Philip Hedger and Mr. Alfred Giles, M.P.) on board. They were formally presented to the Queen. Mr. Stewart Macnaghten then handed to her Majesty the address from the chairman and directors of the Southampton Dock Company, to which the Queen replied, and then gave her sanction to the naming of the new basin as the "Empress Dock." The Mayor and members of the Southampton Corporation were invited on board and presented by Lord Knutsford.

An address was handed to her Majesty by the Mayor, Alderman James Bishop, and two little girls each presented a bouquet, which was very graciously accepted. Her Majesty sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop Suffragan of Guildford, and Colonel Moody, Commander of the Royal Marines, with each of whom she conversed some minutes. The yacht was then loosed from its moorings, and, amid loud cheering and the strains of "Rule Britannia" from the band of the Artillery Volunteers, Her Majesty left the Empress Dock on her return passage to Osborne.

TORPEDO-BOATS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

The fogs and icebergs that infest the North Atlantic in early summer, with adverse gales and a heavy sea, gave much trouble in the voyage of H.M.S. *Tyne*, Commander S. Goodridge, R.N., towing Nos. 61 and 62 torpedo-boats, which left Queenstown on June 15, and arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on the way to Halifax, on the 30th of that month. Out in the ocean the boats were taken in tow, as a fog came on lasting several days, and was occasionally so dense as to allow of little progress being made. After the fog cleared, it was followed by a strong breeze and heavy sea, in which the torpedo-boats occasionally disappeared from view behind the waves, and once, apparently, went right through a sea. The ship then had her head to the sea, and oil was distributed from bags over the sides, and from a tube at the stern of the ship, which had a marked effect in preventing the waves from breaking over the boats. On June 22 the sea moderated sufficiently, for a few hours, to allow of the boats being coaled and watered; but in the evening it came on to blow again from a westerly direction, and soon increased to a gale, the sea becoming so heavy as to be extremely dangerous for the boats. In the evening No. 61 torpedo-boat broke adrift and could not be taken in tow again, on account of the sea, but was obliged to steam by herself all night. Great anxiety was felt, as she was reported missing several times, and the sea was so heavy that the after-part of the poop of the *Tyne* was twice partially submerged when lifting to a long sea. The ship was still kept head to sea, while oil was again distributed, and next day the weather moderated sufficiently to allow of No. 61 being taken in tow. It remained fine a short time, but on the banks of Newfoundland there was a dense fog lasting three days. It cleared up for a few hours on the night of the 29th, when large icebergs, some

+ New Deep Water Dock.



THE NEW DEEP WATER "EMPRESS" DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON, OPENED BY THE QUEEN.

of them over 600 ft. high, were seen all round. The same evening, after sighting Bacchaliou Island, the fog came on again, and some enormous icebergs were passed during the night; but St. John's, Newfoundland, was safely reached next day. Then the ship and the torpedo-boats remained till July 4, then left for Halifax, and arrived on July 7, seeing icebergs the first day along the coast of Newfoundland, and afterwards having a continuous fog all the way. Some photographs and drawings to illustrate various incidents during the voyage are contributed by Surgeon Horace Elliott, R.N., of H.M.S. *Tyne*, and one of the icebergs is given in our illustration.

The closing sitting of the Conference on Education of the Blind was held, on July 25, at the Royal Normal College, Norwood, Mr. Mundella, M.P., presiding. Mr. Wilson read the report of the sub-committee on starting the blind when leaving school, so that they might earn their living.

At the general meeting of the Imperial British East Africa Company, on July 25, Mr. Mackenzie gave an account of the work done by the Company. They had already freed 4000 slaves, and they were making preparations at their ports to meet the requirements of trade. He thought that the Government might give some aid towards the construction of a railway to the Victoria Nyanza. Resolutions were adopted thanking the Government for the Anglo-German agreement, and thanking Mr. Stanley for the valuable work he had done for the Company.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, the undermentioned rewards, which have been made by the Norwegian Government to the crew of the Peel life-boat, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the wrecked Norwegian ship *St. George*, on Oct. 7, 1889. A silver medal of the second class to Charles Cain, master; and silver medals of the third class to John Sayle, Thomas Hughes, Henry Gorry, Angus Cain, Joseph M'Murdoch, William Williamson, John Callister, John Quik, John Hughes, John Cooke, Henry Kaighin, William Quilham, Caesar Corry, and James Cain, the crew of the life-boat.

The Guildford Board of Guardians has formally expressed its disapproval of the erasure of the "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" from the addresses of letters directed to inmates of the local poorhouse. It appears that the erasure was made on the ground that the paupers ought not to be put on the same social level as the officials of the Union. Living on the charity of the public, they had lost, according to this theory, the right to enjoy any recognition of the kind. The Vice-Chairman of the Guildford guardians declares that, in this matter, the officials had taken too much upon themselves. "There were," he said, "a great many persons who came to the workhouse through misfortune, and to whom as much respect was due as to the officials and members of the Board."

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM BAILLIE, BART.

Sir William Baillie, second Baronet, of Polkemmet, J.P. and



D.L., died at his seat, near Linlithgow, on July 21, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of Sir William Baillie, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1854, and of Mary Lyon, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Dennistoun of Colgrain. He was educated at Eton and at

MR. BEVAN.

Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1836. In 1845 he was elected M.P. for Linlithgowshire, and for that county he acted as Convener. He married, April 14, 1846, Mary, daughter of Mr. Stair Hathorn Stewart of Physgill, Wigtownshire, but had no issue. His nephew, now Sir George Baillie, third Baronet, was born October 20, 1856.

MR. DICKINSON OF KINGWESTON.

Mr. Francis Henry Dickinson, M.A., of Kingweston, Somerset, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for the Western Division of that county from 1841 to 1847, died at his seat near Somerton, on July 17. He was son of the late Mr. William Dickinson of Kingweston, M.P. for Somerset in seven successive Parliaments, by Sophia Smith, his wife, niece of the first Lord Carrington. He was born Jan. 6, 1813, and was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, Sept. 8, 1835, his cousin, Caroline, daughter of General Thomas Carey, and had a large family.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Henry Cartwright, who sat for South Northamptonshire as a Conservative from 1858 to 1868, at Eydon Hall, near Banbury, on July 26.

Mr. Alexander Parkes, recently, at Rosendale-road, West Dulwich, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a man of original mind, and a prolific inventor.

Mr. Hugh Wilbraham of Old Head, in the county of Mayo, J.P., High Sheriff in 1885, on July 19, aged sixty-two. He was youngest son of Mr. George

Wilbraham of Delamere House, in the county of Chester, M.P., by Lady Anne Fortescue, his wife, daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue. He married, in 1868, Lady Marian Browne, daughter of the second Marquis of Sligo, and leaves an only child, Augusta Julia.

The Rev. Thomas Phillpotts of Porthgidden, Cornwall, M.A., Canon of Truro, on July 19, in his eighty-fourth year. He was son of Mr. John Phillpotts, M.P. for Gloucester, and nephew of Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter.

Mr. John James Johnson, Q.C., of West Broyle, Chichester, Recorder of that town, and Vice-Chairman of Quarter Sessions for West Sussex, on July 22, at his residence, 26, Chesham-place, in his seventy-ninth year. His only surviving child, Eleanor Mary, married, 1878, Mr. Thomas Weller-Poley of Boxted Hall, Suffolk.

Surgeon-General Sir John C. Brown, at 1, Athole-crescent, Edinburgh, on July 27, in his seventy-ninth year. He entered the Medical Service of the Bengal Army as Assistant Surgeon in 1836, became Surgeon-General in 1870, was granted a Good Service Pension in 1867, nominated C.B. in 1858, and created K.C.B. in 1875.

General James Duncan Baillie of Lochloy, Nairnshire, suddenly, at his residence, on July 27. Entering the Army in 1845, he obtained his Lieutenantcy three years later, was gazetted Captain in 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1866, Colonel in 1871, and Major-General in 1882. He commanded the Brigade depot at Fort George, and retired in 1887. General Baillie married a sister of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby.

The Hon. Mrs. Townshend Goulburn, sister of Earl Sondes, as well as of the Countess of Courtown and the Dowager Baroness De Ramsey, in her sixtieth year. The deceased lady was the daughter of George John, fourth Baron Sondes; and her mother was Eleanor, fifth daughter of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. She was born on Oct. 5, 1830, and was married on March 1, 1859, to Mr. Frederick Goulburn, C.B., for some years Chairman of the Board of Customs, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, M.P., twice Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Hon. Mrs. Goulburn was left a widow on May 10, 1878.

The Rev. John Reid, Rector of Tregony-with-Cuby, in the county of Cornwall, and formerly Rector of Cloughton, near Lancaster. He was son of the late Mr. Edward James Reid, of Imber Court, in the county of Wiltshire, and the Saltponds Estates, Jamaica, by his marriage with Caroline, daughter of Mr. Matthew William of Gaithmill, in the county of Montgomery. He was brother to the late Mr. Edward M. Fenwick, M.P., of Burrow Hall, and Cloughton, who assumed the surname of Fenwick on succeeding to the estates of Mr. Thomas Fenwick of Burrow Hall. The deceased married Fanny, daughter of Mr. William George Porter of Fletton Manor, in the county of Huntingdon, by whom he leaves issue.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister's natural acuteness and sound common-sense enabled him, on the Twenty-sixth of July, easily to dispose of Lord Stratheden and Campbell's academic proposition in the House of Lords—viz. that it is expedient the Premier should not be burdened with the duties of the Foreign Secretary. There is usually, on such occasions, a refreshing candour that is directly Radical in Lord Salisbury's replies. It was so in this case. The noble Marquis straightforwardly answered his oracular and portentous critic (who asked for precedents of doubling the two high offices) that, while he had deep respect for Conservatism in matters of substance, he had very little for it in matter of form. But the gist of his animated rejoinder was that he did not think his tenure of the dual posts injuriously affected the public interests. It may be remarked that the interrogation was hardly timely at a period when, despite the variety of ticklish questions which must occupy the attention of the Foreign Secretary abroad, it is generally agreed that Lord Salisbury's conduct of the foreign administration of the Government is on the whole prudent and statesmanlike.

The Lords' Committee on the Bill for the removal of the gates on the Bedford Estate reported in favour of the measure, and against compensation, but for the laying of a wooden roadway, which the local promoters are willing to supply. The abolition of these obstructive gates would be such a public advantage that there is every hope the Bill will now pass. It is only fair to state that the Duke of Bedford himself will be pleased to have the matter settled.

Lord Sandhurst was eminently qualified to catechise the Government in the House of Lords, on the Twenty-fifth of July, respecting the recent unfortunate disaffection in the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Son of one of our bravest Generals, Lord Sandhurst was himself for a short time a Lieutenant in the Guards; he was chosen Under-Secretary for War in Mr. Gladstone's '66 Government; and his Lordship is known to take a kindly interest in the welfare of Tommy Atkins. Both the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Brownlow deprecated a Parliamentary debate on the subject; and the motion for the production of papers on the subject was, therefore, withdrawn. Now discipline has been restored, after the temporary banishment of the unruly battalion, the War Office may earnestly be counselled forthwith to improve the condition of Wellington Barracks, and other London barracks, and especially to reform the sanitary arrangements, so that the life of the soldier may be made as comfortable as it should be.

The most important feature of the Commons' debate on the Anglo-German Agreement was Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Twenty-fourth of July cordially approving the spirit in which Lord Salisbury had entered into the negotiations for the cession of Heligoland, in consideration of the German concessions in East Africa and Zanzibar. But, for a Liberal Leader, Mr. Gladstone is singularly hampered by precedents. A late colleague of his has complained that, no matter what proposal he brought before the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone was generally ready with any number of precedents against the suggested new departure—that is, if he deemed it inopportune or inexpedient. So with this Anglo-German Agreement: albeit Mr. Gladstone applauded the Prime Minister's policy, he yet argued that the Government had acted unconstitutionally in the matter, as the treaty-making power lay solely with the Crown, and it was the practice of Governments to ask the assent of Parliament after the treaties had been made. Sir William Harcourt the next day said ditto to his veteran chief, and Sir Henry James (whose recovery of his health has been a source of general congratulation) made a point for the Liberal Unionist party when he congratulated Parliament on what was virtually a substantial addition to its powers. The Ministry had the satisfaction to see Mr. Phillips's motion for the rejection of the Bill negatived by 209 votes to 61, and the agreement thus practically sanctioned.

The revolution that has deluged Buenos Ayres with blood, and substituted a good President for the late unpopular President of the Argentine Republic, obviously called for Parliamentary interrogation in the House of Commons; but the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was very guarded in his replies at first. Lamentable as the bloodshed in Buenos Ayres has been, it is so far satisfactory to learn that the new President, Dr. Pellegrini, is in every way worthy the post.

The annual conference of the British Medical Association was opened at Birmingham on July 29. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached to the members in the afternoon, and in the evening Dr. W. F. Wade, the president-elect, gave the opening address, choosing for his subject medical education.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has presented to Police-constable Hampshire, 330 S, a clock and purse of money, in recognition of his exertions in securing the conviction of persons guilty of cruelty to animals. The punishments obtained by Hampshire amounted to over one hundred.

Goodwood Races commenced on July 29, under highly favourable circumstances, with bright sunshine and a gentle breeze to temper the heat. The principal event of the day, the Stewards' Cup, which produced a good field of twenty-two runners, was won by the Marquis of Hartington's colt Marvel.

Mr. J. W. Sidebotham, M.P., in distributing the diplomas gained at the recent associateship examination of the College of Organists, regretted the comparative non-recognition of music by our legislators, and hoped more would be done in the future to increase the popular enjoyment of the art, as by performances of military bands in our parks and public places.

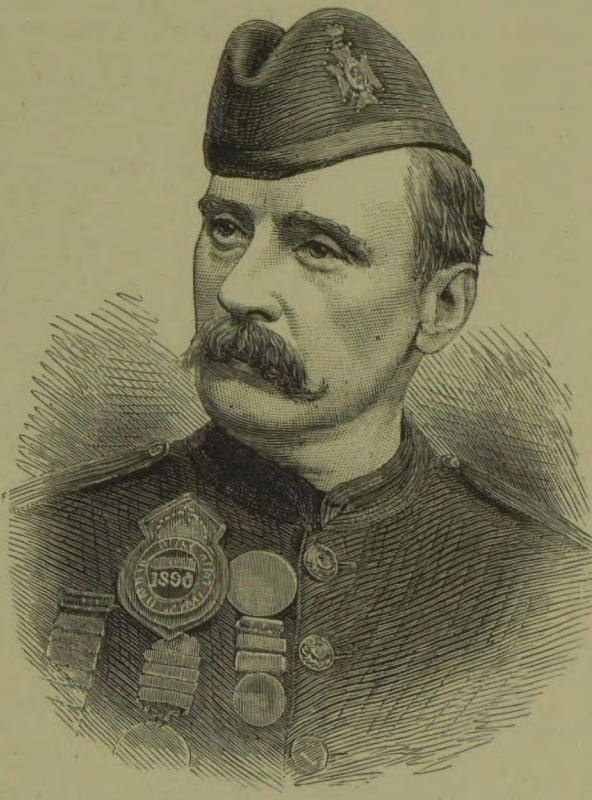
A fine stained-glass window, designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co., has been unveiled at Astley Church, in memory of the late Rev. A. Hewlett, D.D.; and a stained-glass window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been placed in the church of Plympton St. Maurice, Devon (the gift of the family), in memory of Second Lieutenant Henry Maxwell Buller Tritton, 14th (The King's) Hussars.

The Chislehurst Art Exhibition, an admirable little loan collection, closed on July 26, having been kept open a week longer than originally intended. On the preceding evening Mr. Fred Yates, the portrait-painter, gave an interesting lecture on "Jean François Millet and his Works," illustrated by forty enlargements from the paintings and drawings of the master thrown on a screen with the aid of the oxyhydrogen light.

After the curtain had been rung down on "Roméo et Juliette," which closed the subscription season at the Royal Italian Opera on the night of July 26, M. Jean de Reszké, on behalf of the operatic vocalist, presented Mr. Augustus Harris with a gold chronometer watch, ornamented with his coat-of-arms in enamel and his initials in diamonds, and bearing the inscription: "Presented to Mr. Augustus Harris by the artists of the Royal Italian Opera, on his election to the office of Sheriff of London."

WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

The Queen's Prize of the National Rifle Association—£250, with the Gold Medal and Champion's Gold Badge—was won on Tuesday, July 22, at the first meeting on Bisley Common, by Sergeant Bates, of the 1st Warwickshire Volunteer Battalion. He made a total score of 278, being 92 in the first stage, 109 in the second stage, 44 at the eight hundred yards range, and 33 at nine hundred yards. As usual, the winner of the Queen's Prize was carried in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades to the central offices. He was there presented to the Duke of



SERGEANT BATES, 1ST WARWICKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY COMMON.

Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, the Earl of Wemyss, Lord and Lady Wantage, Lady Jane Lindsay, Mr. Albert Grey, Lord Waldegrave, Sir Henry Fletcher, M.P., Sir Henry Halford, Sir Henry Wilmot, General Crawford, U.S.A., and several members of the Council. The Duke of Cambridge handed him the gold medal, and Lady Wantage fastened the gold badge to his arm amid hearty cheering. The Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley personally congratulated him, and he was chaired round the Camp. Sergeant Bates was originally a clockmaker, but latterly has been engaged in the adjustment of rifles and guns at Birmingham: he is forty-eight years of age, married, a father and grandfather. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been a Volunteer, having joined the 1st Warwick in 1867. His first appearance at Wimbledon was in 1869, when his name was in the Queen's Hundred: since then he has shot in the last stage of the competition seven times.

Our Portrait of Sergeant Bates is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and A. H. Fry, of Brighton.

MR. DAVID DAVIES OF LLANDINAM.

Mr. David Davies, J.P. and D.L., one of the richest men in Wales, died at Llandinam, Montgomeryshire, on July 20. He was a well-known railway contractor, founder of the Ocean



THE LATE MR. DAVID DAVIES, OF SOUTH WALES,
RAILWAY CONTRACTOR, COLLIERY AND DOCK OWNER.

Collieries, and Vice-Chairman of the Barry Dock and Railway Company. The successful career of this remarkable man proves the wondrous power of energy and natural ability. He rose from the humble craft of a sawyer to have a seat in Parliament, and to become a great capitalist in Wales. Collieries, railways, and ocean steam enterprise were the principal sources of his wealth. He was born in 1818, the eldest son of Mr. David Davies, of the village of Llandinam, and married, in 1851, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Edward Jones of Llanfair. In 1874 he was elected M.P. for the town, and in 1885 for the county of Cardigan. In politics he acted with the Liberals, but lost his seat in 1886 by his opposition to Irish Home Rule.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. Briggs, of Baker-street.

SKETCHES IN BERMUDA.

The departure of the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards from London to Bermuda, under the peculiar circumstances, has excited much concern, but their friends need not imagine that Bermuda is a disagreeable place of sojourn. Its climate is one of the most pleasant and salubrious in the world, and it is a favourite winter resort of visitors from America, who go there as Europeans do to Madeira or Teneriffe. There is a group or cluster of many small islands, situated in the western part of the Atlantic Ocean, about latitude 32 deg. 15 min. north of the Equator, and longitude 64 deg. 51 min. west of Greenwich, nearly 2900 miles from England, 677 from New York, 730 from Halifax, Nova Scotia, 580 from Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, the nearest point of North America, and about 800 from the nearest of the West Indian islands. Its name is derived from the Spanish mariner Juan Bermudes, who discovered it in 1515, but it was long called the Somers Islands, from Admiral Sir George Somers, who was wrecked there in 1609, and who died there. Having been taken possession of, in the name of King James I., it was granted to the Virginia Company, but has since 1684 been a Crown Colony, and is one of the most important British naval stations, being halfway between Halifax, the headquarters of the North American squadron, and the West Indies.

The chief islands—St. George's Island, Hamilton Island, Long Island, Somerset, Watford, Boaz, and Ireland Island—which are well inhabited, form a chain or oval ring about twenty-four miles long, but no part of which is more than a mile and a half broad, and are connected with each other by causeways or bridges. These, with other smaller isles, composed of submarine sandhills and coral reefs, enclose wide spaces of the sea, with several deep channels and inlets forming good harbours. The highest hills, on the largest island, are only 240 ft. in elevation; there are no rivers or streams, and little fertile soil. The population numbers about 6000 Europeans, and 9000 negroes or mulattoes. The chief town is Hamilton, in a central position on the principal island; but St. George, formerly the capital, at the north-east extremity, has a port of some trade, and one that is much frequented as a harbour of refuge. The Royal Dockyard and other naval establishments are on Ireland Island, the approach to which is strongly fortified; Boaz and Watford Islands are exclusively occupied by military depôts and garrisons. We hope that the Grenadier Guards will find comfortable quarters there, and will not long regret their peremptory removal from London.

THE BISLEY MEETING.

The first of the meetings of the National Rifle Association on its new ground at Bisley has been a great success, the shooting at long ranges having been especially excellent.

Several minor events were decided on July 23. The Kolapore Cup was won by the English team by twenty-eight points, the Canadians being second. Oxford gained the Chancellors' Plate, beating Cambridge by one point only. Mr. Braithwaite won the jewel in the second stage of the Albert; and Captain Gibbs, 1st Gloucestershire, took the first prize in the Duke of Cambridge series. The United Service Cup was won by the Volunteers with 695, the Army being second, and the Royal Marines third.

On July 24 the Elcho Challenge Shield was shot for by teams of eight from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in the end Ireland won with a score of 1646, England coming second with 1636, and Scotland last with 1635. The Ashburton Challenge Shield was contended for by teams from the public schools, and was won by Charterhouse with a score of 450, Harrow scoring 402, and Bradford 400. Sergeant Richardson, of Rugby, won the Spencer Cup.

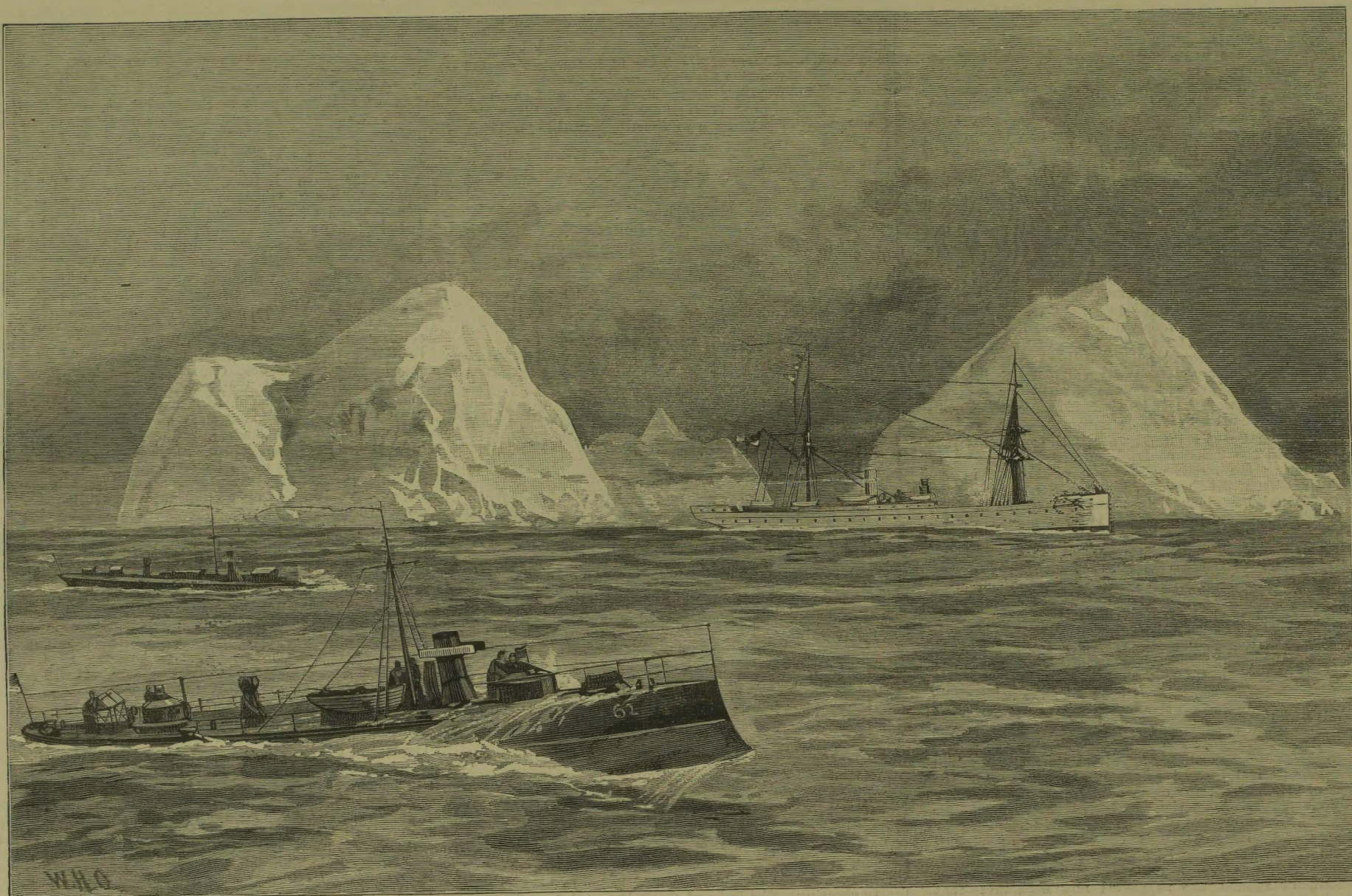
Shooting for the Loyd-Lindsay prize was the principal event on July 25. In the end the first team of the Ayrshire Yeomanry proved to be the winners, with a total of 131. Dorset was second, and North Somerset third. In the match between the Regulars and Volunteers, the Regulars won by 1599 points to 1586. The Humphrey Challenge Cup was taken by Oxford University.

On July 26 the Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield, contended for by the cavalry over the Loyd-Lindsay course, was won by the 14th Hussars. The Rudge tricycle prize was won by the West Surrey men, the West Kent team being three points behind. The Evelyn Wood Competition, to illustrate Colonel Street's new attack practice, was won by the 1st Battalion Royal West Surrey. The 13th Middlesex second team was declared winner of the first prize of the Mappin Competition. There was no closing ceremonial, as was the custom at the Wimbledon meetings.

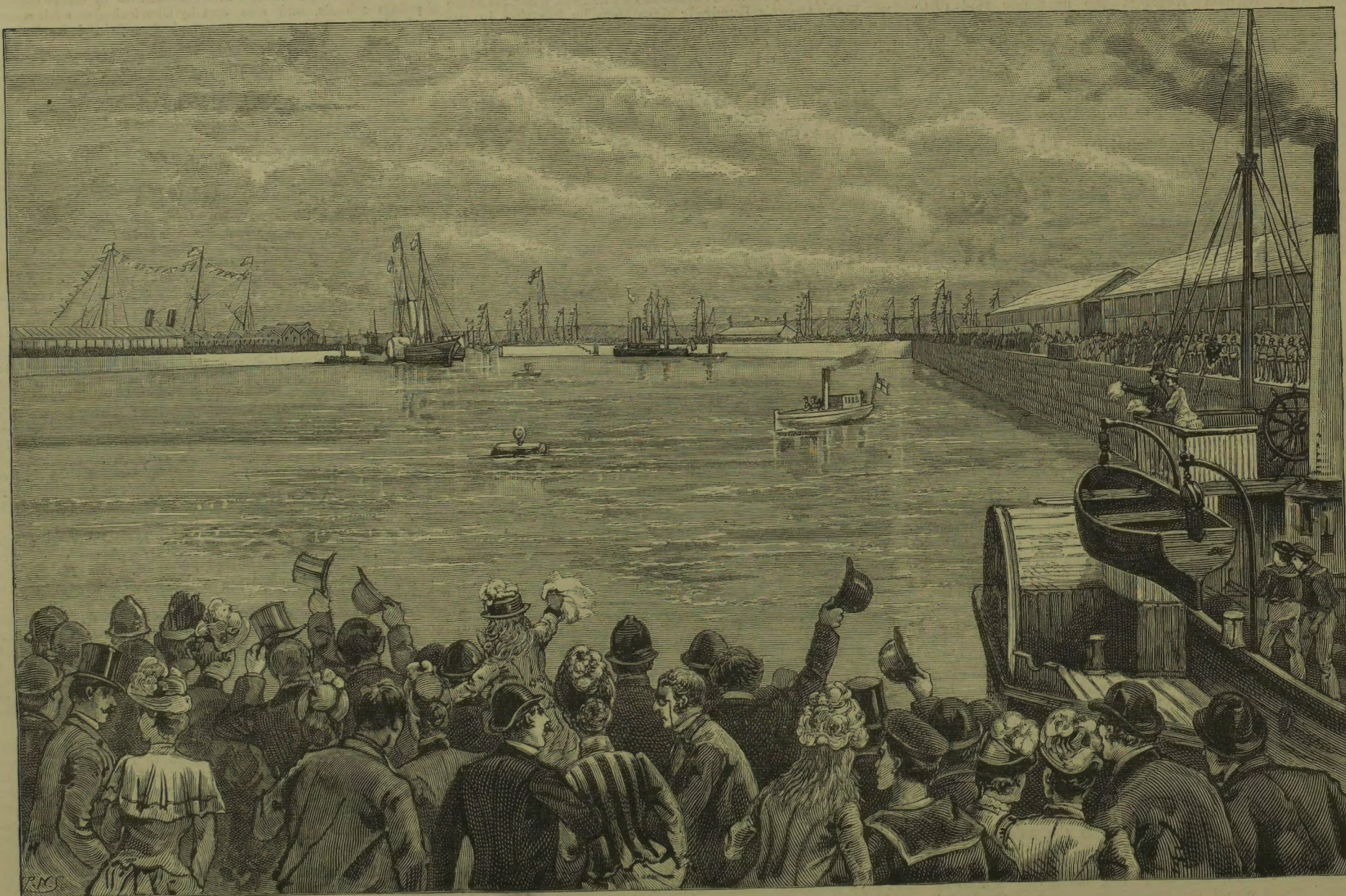
A revolution has broken out at Buenos Ayres. The troops of the garrison rebelled, and the President of the Republic fled. The Vice-President, with some of the troops, held out. There was desperate fighting in the streets, and it is computed that a thousand persons have been killed. Later reports state that a truce had been agreed to, and that the President had returned. A despatch received at the Legation of the Argentine Republic in London on July 29 states that "the Government is completely victorious, and that the mutineers have capitulated"; but information received in Paris states that President Celman has resigned, his place being filled by Dr. Pellegrini, the Vice-President.

The German Emperor, after staying several days at Molde, left that place for Bergen, in spite of a rough sea, on July 24. The health of his Majesty is excellent. His Majesty has given 1000 Norwegian crowns to the poor of Bergen. On the 26th the Emperor left Bergen in his yacht Hohenzollern, attended by the ironclad Irene, and arrived at Wilhelmshafen on the 28th, steaming through the German fleet, which had assembled to welcome him. He was to start for England on Aug. 1. Prince Henry of Prussia has ordered of an English builder a splendid sailing yacht, which his Royal Highness will keep at Kiel.—The eminent chemist Professor von Hofmann, of Berlin University, delivered the inaugural oration at the unveiling of the monument to Baron von Liebig at Giessen.

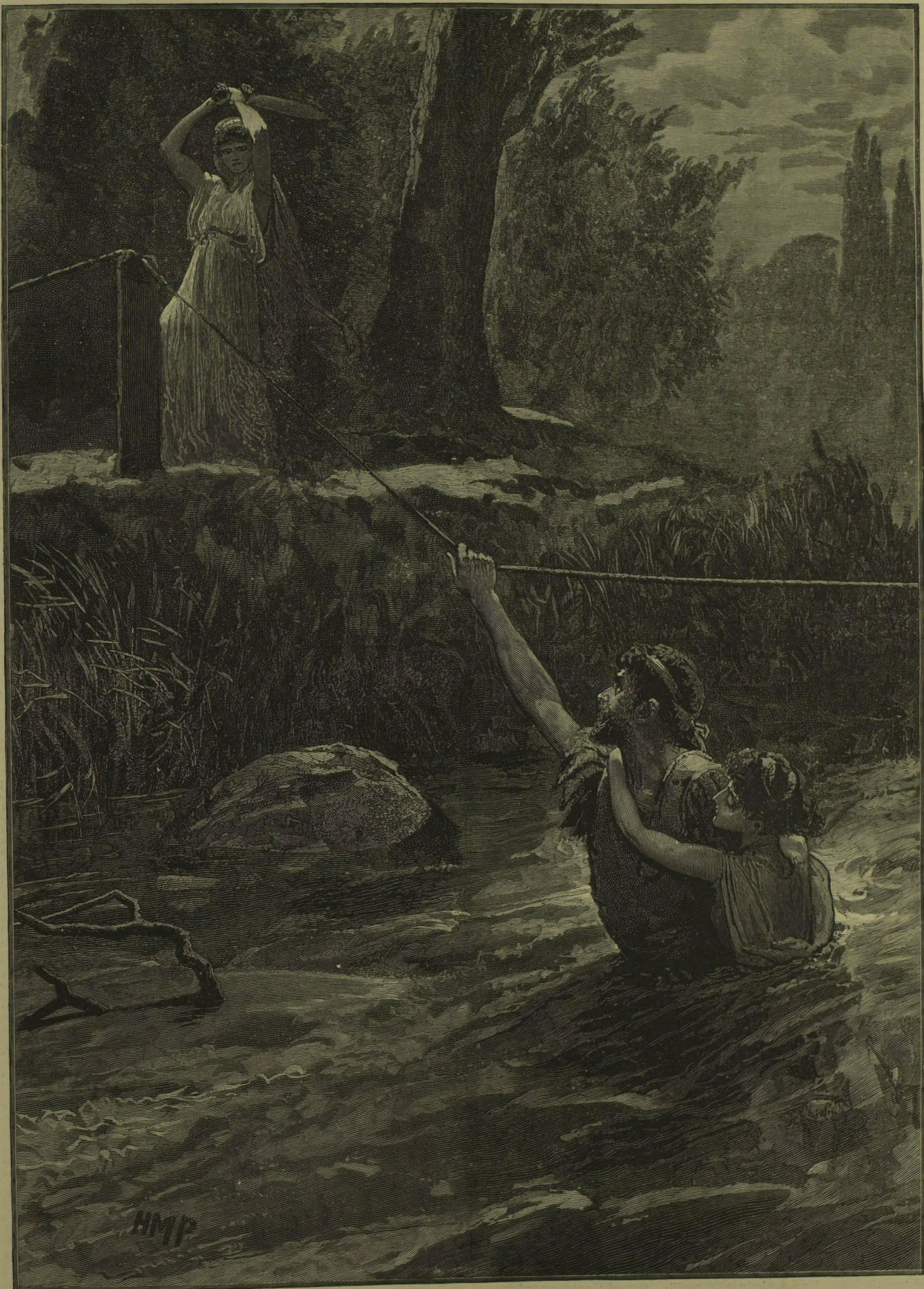
The new Spanish Ambassador at Paris, the Duke de Mandas, presented his credentials on July 26 to President Carnot.—President Leroyer, of the Senate, went to Ferney on July 27 to inaugurate a statue of Voltaire. Several Swiss delegates were present, and two little girls, dressed in the costume of Alsace-Lorraine, presented him with bouquets covered with crape. After eulogising Voltaire, M. Leroyer dwelt with emphasis on the services rendered to France by Switzerland in 1871, when Bourbaki's army was driven by General Manteuffel into neutral territory.—M. Edmond Raoul Duval, son of the late well-known Deputy and economist, was married on July 23, at the Protestant Church, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, to Mlle. Valentine Johnston, daughter of the wine-merchant of English descent at Bordeaux. M. Nathaniel Johnston, an ex-Deputy; and the Vicomte de Puymaigne was married to Mlle. Catherine d'Harcourt, daughter of the Dowager Marquise d'Harcourt, and sister of the present Marquis, at St. Clotilde, Paris; Marshal MacMahon, the bride's cousin, the Duc de Chartres and his daughter, Princess Marguerite, being present.



H.M.S. TYNE AND TORPEDO-BOATS AMONG ICEBERGS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.



THE QUEEN OPENING THE DEEP WATER "EMPRESS" DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERING THE DOCK.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"Die, then!" she yelled; "and may a thousand curses weigh down your souls!" As she said it the blade whirled into the moonlight, descending on the guide-rope just where it ran taut and hard over the posts.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

I well remember how, in the throes of the first great change that heralded a new era in Britain, the herdsmen and serfs were crushed between waning Roman terrors, such as Electra wielded, and the growing horrors of the Northmen.

Of these latter I saw something. On one occasion when the storm was brewing I was away down in the coast provinces hunting wolves, and thus by chance fell in with a "sea-king's" foray and a British reprisal. On that occasion the spoilers were spoilt, and we taught the Northern ravishers a lesson which, had they been more united so that such a blow might have been better felt by the whole, would have damped their ardour for a long time. As it was, to rout and destroy their scattered parties was but like mopping up the advancing tide of those salt waves that brought them on us.

Those down there by the Kentish shore had been unmolested for some years, they had lived at their leisure, had got their harvests in, had rebuilt their villages out in the open, and set up forges and hammered spearheads and bosses, rings for the women, of silver and brass, and chains and furniture for their horses, of gold; shearing their flocks, and living as though such things as Norsemen were not—when one day the infliction came upon them again.

It was a gusty morning in early summer—I remember it well—and most of the men were from the villages hunting, when away towards the coast went up to the brightening sky a thin curl of smoke, followed by another and another. The sight was understood only too well. Line after line crept up in the silence of the morning over the green treetops and against the grey of the sea, while groups of black figures (flying villagers we knew them to be) went now and then over the sky-line of the woods into the security of the valleys to right and left. As the wail went up from the huts where I rested, a mounted chief, his toes in the iron rings of his stirrups and his wolf-skins flying from his bare shoulders, came pounding through the woods with the bad news the raiders were close behind.

Rapid packing was a great feminine accomplishment in those days, and while the women swept their children and more portable valuables into their cloths and disappeared into the forest, we sent the quickest-footed youths that were with us to call back the hunters, and made our first stand there round the huts and mounds of the old village of Caen Edron.

And we kept its thatch and chattels inviolate, for, by this time, the countryside was all in arms, and, as the sea was far behind them, the despoilers but showed themselves on the fringe of the open, exchanged a javelin or two, and turned.

Hot on their track that morning of vengeance we went after them; over the scrubby open ground and down through the tangles of oak and hazel. We pressed them back past the charred and smoking remnants of the villages they had burnt, back by the streams that still ran streaky in quiet places with blood, back down the red path of ruin and savagery they had trodden, back by the cruel finger-posts of dead women, back by the halting-places of the ravishers—ever drawing new recruits and courage till we outnumbered them by six to one—and thus we trampled that day on the heels of those laden pirates from the valley-head down to the shore.

It was a time of vengeance, and our women and children crowded singing and screaming after us to kill and torture the wounded. Every now and then those surly spoilers turned, and we fled before them as the dogs fly from a big boar who goes to bay; but each time we came on again, and their standing-places by the coverts and under the lichened rocks were littered with dead, and all bestrewn amid the ferns in the pink morning light were the glittering spoil they disgorged. Truly that was an hour of victory, and the Britons were drunk with success. They followed like starving wolves after a herd of deer, leaping from rock to rock, crowding every point of vantage, and running and yelling through the under-wood until surely the Northmen must have thought the place in possession of a legion of devils.

But all this noise was as nothing to the frightful yell of savage joy which went up from us when we saw the raiders draw together on the shingle ridge of the beach, and knew instinctively by their pale, tideward faces and hesitation that they were trapped—the sea was out, and their ships were high and dry!

Somehow, I scarcely know how it was when those men turned grimly and prepared to make their last stand under their ships, a strange silence fell upon both bands, and for a minute or two the long, wild rank of our warriors halted at the bottom of the slope, every man silent and dumb by a strange accord, while opposite, against the sky-line, were the mighty Norsemen clustered together, and looking down with fierce sullen brows equally silent and expectant, while the sun glinted on their rustling arms and tall peaked casques.

We stood thus a minute or two, and I heard the thumpings of my own heart, like an echo of the low wash of the far-away sea—a plover piping overhead, and a raven croaking on the distant hills, but not another sound until—suddenly some British women who had come red-handed to a mound behind broke out into a wild war-song. Then the spell was loosed, and we were again at them, sweeping the sea-king's from the ridge into the tangle of long grass and sand and stunted bushes that led to the shore, and there, separated, but dying stubbornly, powerless against our numbers, we pulled them down, and killed them one by one, lopping their armour from them and stripping their cloths, till the pleasant lichened alleys of the seashore wood and the green footways of the moss were stamped full of crimson puddles and littered with the naked bodies of those tawny giants.

The last man to fall was a chief. Twice I had seen him hard pressed, and had lifted my javelin to slay him, but a touch of silly compunction had each time held my hand, and now he stood with his back to his ship like some fierce beautiful thing of the sea. His plated brass and steel cuirass was hacked and dented, his white linen hung in shreds about him; his arms were bare, and blood ran down them, while his long fair hair lifted to the salt wind that was coming in freshly with the tide, and the sun shone on his cold blue eyes, and his polished harness, and his tall and comely proportions standing out there against the dark side of his high-sterned vessel.

But what cared the Britons for flaxen locks or the goodliness of a young Thor? He had in his hands a broken spear, his own sword between his fingers, and with this weapon he lay about fiercely every now and then as the men edged in upon him. Luckless Viking! there is no retreat or rescue! He was bleeding heavily, and even as I watched his chin sank upon his chest. At once the Britons ran in upon him; but the life flared up again, and the gallant robber crushed in a pair of heads with his staff and sent the others flying back, still glaring upon the wide circle of his enemies with death

and defiance struggling for mastery in his eyes in a way wonderful to behold. Again and again the yellow head of the young Thor nodded and sank, and again and again he started up and scowled upon them, as each savage cry of joy, to see him thus bleeding to death, fell upon his ears. Presently he wavered for a moment and leaned his shoulder against the black side of his ship, and his lids dropped wearily; at once the Britons rushed, and, when I turned my face there again, they were hacking and stripping the armour from a mutilated but still quivering corpse!

A few such episodes as this repulse of the Northmen, magnified and circulated with all the lying exaggeration that a coward race ever wraps about its feats of arms, made the Britons bold, and their boldness brings me to the end of my chapter.

Many a pleasant week and month did I live and enjoy all the best things life has to give: the master of my Roman mistress; the foremost spearman where the boar went to bay among the rocks on the hill-side; the jolliest fellow that was ever invited to a lordly banquet; the penniless adventurer whose fortune every one envied—and then fate put me by again, and wiped my tablets clean for another frolic epoch.

It came about this way. The British grew more and more unruly as time went on, and legion after legion left us. At length, when the last of the Romans were down to the coast, about to embark, Electra made up her mind to go too—and with all her hoards. But in this latter particular the new authorities in the neighbouring town could not concur, and they sent two brand-new civilian senators to expostulate and detain her, the last representative of the old rule. Electra had those gentlemen stripped in the vestibule, and flogged within an ace of their lives, and then sent them home, bound, in a mean country-cart.

All that afternoon we were busy sewing up the gold and bronze in bags, and by dusk a long train of mules set out for the coast, in charge of a score of our mercenaries, who, having served a long apprenticeship to cruelty and extortion, had more to fear from the natives than even we. Nor was it too soon. As the last of the convoy went into the evening darkness, Electra and I ascended the flat, wide roof of her home, and there we saw, westwards, under the stormy red of the setting sun, the flashing of arms and the dust-wreaths against the glow which hung above the bands of people moving out and bearing down on us in a mood one well could guess.

Her Ladyship, having safely packed, was disdainful and angry. Her fine lips curled as she watched the grey column of citizens swarming out to the assault; but when her gaze wandered over the fair valleys she had ruled and bled so long, she was, perhaps, a little regretful and softened.

"My good and stalwart Captain," she said, coming near to me, "yonder sun, I fear, will never rise again on a Roman Briton! We must obey the Fates. You know what I would do, had I the power, to yonder scum; but, since we must desert this house to them (as I see too clearly we must), how can we best ensure the safety of the treasure?"

We arranged there and then, with small time for parley, that I should stay with a handful of her mercenaries and make a stand about the villa, while she, with the last of her servants, should go on and hurry up by every means in her power the slow caravan of her wealth. In truth, my mistress was as brave as she was overbearing, and, but for those endless shining bags of gold, I do believe she would have stayed and fought the place with me.

As it was, she reluctantly consented to the plan, and bid me adieu (which I returned but coldly), and came back again for another kiss, and said another goodbye, and hung about me, and enjoined caution, and held my hands, and looked first into my eyes and then back into the darkness where the laden mules were, as much in love as a rustic maid, as anxious as a usurer, and torn and distracted between these contending feelings.

At last she and all the women were gone, whereon with a lighter mind we set ourselves down to cover their retreat. Here must it be confessed that, for myself, I was ill at ease: treachery lurked within me. I had grown somewhat weary of her Ladyship, nor had longer a special wish to be dragged in her golden chains, the restless spirit chance had bred within moved, and I had determined to see my enamoured Vice-Prefect safe to her ships, and then—if I could—if I dared—break with her! I well knew the wild tornado of indignation and love this would call up, and hence had not confessed my intentions earlier, but had been cold and distant. The dame, you will see presently, had been sharper in guessing than I supposed.

We made such preparation as we could with the small time at our disposal, barricading the white façade of the villa and closing all approaches. Then we pulled the winter stacks to pieces in the yard, making two great mounds of faggots in front of the porch, pouring oil upon each, and stationing a man to fire them, by way of torches, at a given signal. My hope was that, as the wide Roman way ran just below the villa, the avengers of the Ambassadors would not think of passing on until they had demolished the house and us.

Of the loyalty of the few men with me I had little fear. They were brave and stubborn, all their pay was on Electra's mules, and the British hated them without compunction. There were in our little company that black evening seven wild Welshmen, under a shaggy-haired, blue-eyed princeling: Gwallon of the Bow, he called himself—fifteen swarthy Iberians, all teeth and scimitar—a handful of Belgic mercenaries, with great double-headed axes—but never a Roman among them all in this last stand of Roman power in Britain!

Was I a Roman, I wondered, as I stood on the terrace waiting the onset of the liberated slaves? What was I? Who was I? How came it that he who was first in repelling the stalwart Roman adventurers of endless years before was the last to lift a sword in their defence? And, more personally, was this night to be, as it greatly seemed, the last of all my wild adventures; or had fate infinite others in store for her bantling?

You will guess how I wondered and speculated as my golden Roman armour clanked to my gloomy stride in Electra's empty corridors, and the wet fleecy clouds drifted fitfully across the face of a broad full moon, and a thousand things of love or sorrow crowded on my busy mind.

We had not long to wait, however. In an hour the mob came scuffling round the bend, shouting disorderly, with innumerable torches borne aloft, and they set up a yell when they caught sight of our shining white walls silently agleam in the moonlight.

There could be no parley with such a leaderless rush, and we attempted none. Without a thought of discipline they stormed the pastures and swarmed into the garden, a motley, angry crowd, armed with scythes and hooks and axes, and apparently all the town pressing on behind.

Well, we fired our faggots, and they gleamed up fiercely to welcome the scullion levies to their doom. Never did you see such a ruddy, wild scene—such a motley parody of noble war! The bright flames leapt into the tranquil sky in volcanoes of spark and hissing tongues, the British rushed at us between the fires like imps of darkness, and we met them face to face and slew them like the dogs they were. In a few minutes

we were hemmed in the verandah, under whose columns we had some shelter, and then my brave Welshmen showed me how they could pull their long bows, which indeed they did in right good earnest, until all the trim terraces were littered with writhing, howling foemen.

But again they drove us back, this time into the house, and there we soon had a better light to fight by, for the sparks had caught the roof, and soon everything far and near was ablaze. Every man with me that night fought like a patrician, and Electra's polished floors were slippery with blood; her pretty walls, with their endless painted garlands of oak and myrtle, their cooing doves and tender Cupids, were horribly besmudged and smudged; and her marble pillars were chipped by flying javelins and gashed by random axe-strokes.

Ten times we hurled ourselves upon the invaders and drove them staggering backwards over the slippery pavements into the passages—sixteen men had fallen to my own arm alone, and we crammed their bodies into the doorways for barricade. But it would not do. The sheer weight of those without made the men within brave against their will. Nothing availed the stinging shafts of my Welshmen, the Iberian scimitars played hopelessly (like summer lightning in the glare) upon a solid wall of humanity, and the German axes could make no pathway through that impenetrable civilian tangle.

Overhead and among us the smoke curled and eddied, and the flames behind it made it like a hot noonday in our fighting-place. And in the wreaths of that pungent vapour, circling thick and yellow in the great open-roofed hall of the noble Roman villa, her Ladyship's statues of fawn and satyrs still fluted and grinned imbecilely as though they liked the turmoil. Niobe wept for new griefs as the marble little ones at her feet were calcined before her eyes, and the Gorgon head wore a hundred frightful snakes of flame; the pale, proud Pallas Athenæ of the Greeks looked disdainfully on the dying barbarians at her feet, and Pan, himself in bronze, leered on us through the reek until his lower limbs grew white hot—and gave way, and down he came—whereon a mighty Briton heaved him up by his head, and with this hissing, glowing flail carried destruction and confusion among us.

It was so hot in that flaming marble battle-place that foreigner and Briton broke off fighting now and then to kneel together for a moment at the red fountain basins where the jets still played (for the fugitives had forgotten to turn them off), and quenched their thirst in hurried gasps, ere flying again at each other's throats, and so wild the confusion and uproar, and so dense the smoke and flame, so red and slippery were the pavements, and so thick the dead and dying, that hardly one could tell which were friends and which foes.

For an hour we kept them at bay, and then, when my arms ached with killing, all on a sudden the face of a man unknown to me, whom I never had seen before or ever since, shone in the gleam at my shoulder.

"Phra, the Phenician," he said, calling me by an appellation no living man then knew, "I am bidden to get you hence. Come to the inner doorway—quick!"

I hardly knew what he meant, but there was that about him which I could not but obey, so I turned and followed his retreating figure.

I ran with him across the courtyard, under the white marble pillars all aglow, through the silent banquet-hall that had echoed so often to the haughty laughter of my mistress, and then when we reached the cool, damp outer air—like a wreath of mist in November, like an eddy among the dead leaves—my guide vanished and left me!

Angry and surprised, but with no time for wonder, I turned back.

Even as I did so there was a mighty crack, a groaning of a thousand timbers, and there before my very face, with a resounding roar, Electra's lordly mansion, and all the wings, and buttresses, and basements, the rooms, and colonnades, and corridors of that splendid home of luxury and power, lurched forward, and heaved, and collapsed in one mighty red ruin that tintured the sky from east to west, and buried alike in one vast, glowing hecatomb besiegers and besieged!

It had fallen, the last stronghold of Roman authority, and there was nothing more to defend! I turned, and took me to the quiet forest pathways, every nook and bend of which I knew. As I ran, the sweet, moist air of the evening was like an elixir to my heated frame; now into the black shadows I plunged, and anon brushing the silver moonlight dew from bramble and bracken, while a thousand fancies of our stubborn fight danced around me.

In a little time the road went down to a river that sparkled in flood under the moonbeams. Here the laden mules had crossed into comparative safety, and now I had to follow them with a single guide-rope to feel my way alone across the dangerous ford. I struggled through the swollen stream safely, though it rose high above my waist, and then who should loom out of the dark on the far side but Electra, standing alone and expectant at the brink.

Faithful, stately matron! She was so glad to see me again, I was really sorry I did not love her more. I told her something of the fight, and she a little of the retreat. Some time before the long train of mules and slaves had gone on up the steep slowing bank, and into the coppice beyond, and now I and the Roman dame lingered a minute or so by the brink of the turbid stream to see the last flickers of her burning home. We were on the point of turning; indeed, Lady Electra seemed anxious to be gone, when, stepping out of the dark pathway into a patch of moonlight on the farther shore, a little silver casket in her duteous hands, and those dainty skirts in which she took so much pride muddy and soiled, appeared the poor little slave Numidea.

She tripped fearfully forth from the shadows and down to the brink, where the water was swirling against the stones in an ivory and silver inlay; and when she saw (not perceiving us in the shadows) that all the people had gone on and she was deserted to the tender mercies of the foemen behind, she dropped her burden, and threw up her white, clasped hands in the moonlight, and wailed upon us in a way that made my steel cuirass too small for my swelling heart.

Surely such a pitiful sight ought to have moved any one, yet Electra only cursed those nimble feet under her breath, and from this, though I may do her heavy injustice, I have since feared she had planned the desertion and sent the maid back to be killed or taken on some false errand which for her jealous purpose was too quickly executed.

That noble Roman lady pulled me by the hand, and would have had me leave the girl to her fate, scolding and entreating; and when I angrily shook myself free, turning her wild, untutored passions into the channels of love, told me she had guessed my project of leaving her "for Numidea," and clung to me, and endeared me, and promised me "the tallest porch on Palantina" (as I threw off my buckler and broadsword to be lighter in the stream) and "the whitest arms for welcome there that ever a Roman matron spread" (as I pitched my gilded helmet into the bushes and strode down to the torrent), if I would but turn my back once for all upon my little kinswoman.

Three times the white arms of that magnificent wanton

closed round me, and three times I wrenched them apart and hurled her back, three times she came anew to the struggle, squandering her wild, queenly love upon me, while, under the white light overhead, the tears shone in her wonderful up-turned eyes like very diamonds; three times she invoked every deity in the hierarchy of the southern skies to witness her perjured love, and cursed, for my sake, all those absent youths who had fallen before her. Three times she knelt there on the black and white turf, and wrung her fair hands and shook out her long thick hair, and came imploring and begging down to the very lapping of the water. And there I stood—for I too was a Southern, and could be hot and fierce—and spoke such words as she had never heard before—abused and scoffed and derided her: laughed at her sorrow and mocked her grief, and then turned and plunged into the torrent.

The ford was not long: in a minute or two I struggled out on the further shore, and Numidea, with a cry of pleasure and trustfulness, came to my dripping arms.

The British, hot on the track, were shouting to one another in the dark pursuit, so the little maid was picked up securely, and, with her in my left arm upon my hip, her warm wrists about my neck, and my other hand on the guide-rope, we went back into the stream again. By the sacred fane of Vesta, it ran stronger than a mill sluice, and tugged and worried at my limbs like the fingers of a fury! I felt the pebbly gravel sifting and rolling beneath my feet, and the strong lift of the water, as it swirled, flying by in the moonlight, hissing and bubbling at my heaving chest in a way that frightened me—even me. At last, with my every muscle on fire with the strain and turmoil, and my head giddy with the dancing torrent all about it, I saw the farther bank loom over us once more, and, heaving a heavy sigh of fatigue, collected myself for one more crowning effort.

But I had forgotten that royal harpy my mistress; and, even as I gathered my last strength in the swirl of the black water below, she sprang to the verge of the bank overhead, vengeance and hatred flashing in the eyes that I had left full of gentleness and tears, and gleaming there in her wrath, her white robes shining in the moonlight against the ebony setting of the night, and glowered down upon us.

"Down with the maid!" she screamed, with all the tyrant in her voice. "Down with her, Centurion, or you die together!"

"Never! never!" I shouted, for my blood was boiling fiercely, and I could have laughed at a hundred such as she. But while I shouted my heart sank, for Electra was terrible to behold—an incarnation of beautiful cruelty, hot, reckless hatred ruling the features that had never turned upon me before but in sweetness and love. For one minute the passion gathered head, and then, while I stood still in the current with dread of the coming deed, she snatched my own naked sword from the ground. "Die, then!" she yelled; "and may a thousand curses weigh down your souls!" As she said it the blade whirled into the moonlight, descending on the guide-rope just where it ran taut and hard over the posts, severing it clean to the last strands with one blow of those effective white arms, and the next minute the hempen cord was torn out of my grasp, and over and over in a drowning, bewildering cascade of foam we were swept away down the stream.

It was the wildest swim that ever a mortal took. So fiercely did we spin and fly that heaven and earth seemed mixed together, and the white clouds overhead were not whiter than the sheets of foam that ran down seawards with us. I am a good swimmer, but who could make the bank in such a cauldron of angry waters? and now Numidea was on top, and now I. It went to my heart to hear the poor little Christian gasp out on "Good St. Christopher!" and to feel the flutter of her breast against my leather jerkin, and then presently I did not feel it at all. Many an island of wreckage passed us, but none that I could lay hold on, until presently a mighty log came foaming down upon us, labouring through that torrent surf like a full-sailed ship. As it passed I threw an arm over a strong root, and thus, for an hour, behind that black midnight javelin we flew downwards, I knew not whither. Then it presently left the strong stream, and towing me towards a soft alluvial beach, just as dawn was breaking in the east, deposited me there, and slowly disappeared again into the void.

This is all I know of Roman Britain; this is the end of the chapter.

As I reeled ashore with my burden, some friendly fisherfolk came forward to help, but I saw them not. Numidea was dead! my poor little slave-girl—the one speck of virtue in that tyrant world—and I bent over her, and shut her kindly eyes, and spread on the sand her long wet braids, and smoothed the modest white gown she was so careful of, with a heart that was heavier than it ever felt yet in storm or battle!

Then all my grief and exertions came upon me in a flood, and the last thing I remember was stooping down in the morning starlight to kiss the fair little maid upon that pallid face that looked so wan and strange amid the wild-spread tangles of her twisted hair.

(To be continued.)

A valuable collection of books relating to South Australia has been forwarded as a gift to the City Library by the Municipality of Adelaide; and, in return, a number of medals illustrating remarkable events in the past are to be sent to the Colonial capital.

A novel handbook indeed is the "Men of the Time Birthday Book" (Routledge and Sons), compiled by a gentleman who has made the study of notabilities his specialty—Mr. John Fred Boyes, F.S.A. This little pocket-book serves at once as a birthday-record, and to remind one pleasantly enough of the birthdays of such eminent and popular personages as Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Toole, and Lords Lathom and Halsbury. An index adds to its value.

By the Brighton and South Coast Railway, the availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by both morning and evening express services. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Dieppe. On Sunday and Monday day trips and special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments on Monday, extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Friday and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

PICTURES AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

The simultaneous closing of the rival Salons at Paris at the end of June has at length enabled the Art Committee to carry out their original intentions, and they have now brought together, in the picture galleries at West Kensington, a fairly representative display of contemporary French art. In judging the specimens selected from the two Salons, it must be borne in mind that the committee had only a restricted choice: for no pictures purchased by the State are allowed to be displayed in foreign exhibitions; and private purchasers would not allow their acquisitions to be exposed to the risk of the journey. Under these circumstances, the committee have been forced to obtain characteristic works of the modern French school, and it may be fairly admitted that Realists, Impressionists, Idealists, and Romanticists are all more or less represented. When it comes to saying whether we accord praise to or find sympathy in many of the forms of expression which the followers of these schools offer, we make a pause. Most of their work is interesting, especially that of the younger men; but it can scarcely be said to be generally attractive to English eyes, which are not yet accustomed to accept "smugness" as evidence of power or feeling without demerit. Nor are we more ready to admit that the poetry of J. F. Millet has been transfused into his numerous followers and disciples. For instance, M. Ludovic Alleaume's "Slate Quarries of Angers" (5), while possessing considerable force and directness, is too absolutely prosaic to fascinate, and M. C. H. André's "Calanche de Piana"—a sort of Corniche road which follows the coast-line of Corsica for some distance—although dazzling in sunlight and colour, is wanting in the finer touches of an Impressionist of the calibre of M. Monet. Turning, however, to those whose works form a real attraction, our thanks are due to the committee for having obtained such a fair representation of the work of M. Carolus Duran, including the celebrated "Entombment" (125), painted in 1882, a religious subject strongly felt as well as powerfully executed; the "Awakening" (126), a marvellous study of flesh, and perfect in its modelling; and the elegant portrait of Mlle. Sabine Carolus Duran (124), which will rank among the artist's most successful efforts. M. Albert Aublet—who well deserved the gold medal awarded to him at the Paris Exhibition last year—is also represented, the most distinctive of all his works being the clever group of women and children on the seashore at Tréport (28), in which the delicate transparent haze which overhangs sea and sands on a hot day is admirably conveyed. On the other hand, most of us will wonder upon what grounds a *Grand Prix* was decreed to M. Raphael Collin, if we may take such a terrible figure, both as regards colour and pose, as his "May" (156) to be a fair instance of the artist's power. Among the other notabilities and their works may be mentioned M. Guillaume Dubufe's "House of the Virgin" (221), very large, and somewhat too diffuse in its treatment; M. Gérôme's "Lion on the Watch" (272), with a fine study of the rocks of the Numidian Desert; M. Lefebvre's "Lady Godiva" (388), conducted through the streets by a demure nun; M. Luminais's strongly conceived and executed "Exorcism" (432); M. Toulmouche's "Odalisque Parisien" (648); and M. Pelouse's masterly treatment of a gleam of sunlight in the rocky gorge of Avanne (506), near Besançon. All these, and many more whose names we have not mentioned, occupy achieved positions in French art; and, their work having been judged and rewarded by their fellow-countrymen, it is interesting to note how it affects foreigners. By their fruits, it may be said, we shall learn to know the trees better; and it is therefore with greater interest that we turn to the works of the less known, or younger, men, who are now, for good or for evil, exercising so much influence upon the taste of their countrymen. Nothing is at first sight more striking than the antagonism between the colourists and the "plein-airists"—a struggle which bids to become as acute as that between the Classicists and the Romanticists in the years succeeding 1830. Of the colourists, one could scarcely wish for a better example than is furnished by M. Heulland's "Harem" (307); but he is only one among a score of the younger men who strive to keep alive the traditions of Fromentin and Décaups. On the other hand, the "plein-airists" are represented by such works as M. Armand Point's "The Thursday Promenade" (528), school-children out for a walk among white cornfields and blue grass paths. Another school of modern French art is well represented by M. Auguste Zwiller's "Interior of a Refectory" (692), a sort of general eating-room where workmen and women have brought their dinner or are having it served to them. Three sides of the large room being covered with glass, the effect of open air is almost intact. But M. Léon Couturier's "Heaving Anchor" (163), an ironclad getting under weigh, is an even better instance of this bright, eager sort of painting.

Among the other works worthy of attention may be mentioned M. Armand Dumaresq's treatment of our household troops at the Horse Guards (11) and at St. James's Palace (12), M. Emile Boutigny's clever military scenes "The Surprise" (88) and "His Last Sentry Duty" (89), and M. Sergeant's "Evening After Victory" (609). M. Darien's two studies on the Breton or Normandy coast, the "Return of the Shrimpers" (170, 171), and M. Flameng's "Low Tide at Cancale" (248), are more than average good sea-pieces; while in landscapes we have a wide choice in M. Dornois's "Lorraine Village" (213), M. Girardet's "Orchard in the Vallée d'Ange" (274), M. Lambert's "Sarthe, near Fresnay" (354), M. Mayan's "Evening in Provence" (457), M. Pezant's "Old Luzern Fields" (520), and a capital specimen of pastel work, "The Chestnuts of Corbeville" (546), by M. Pierre Prins. The figure-painters are not so strongly represented. Nevertheless, few will pass without notice such works as M. Pierre Fritel's "Death of Demosthenes" (263), M. Guignard's "Returning from Church" (298), M. Girardet's "Nomads of Morocco" (276), and M. Charles Lize's "La Rousseotte" (424), in which the clever landscape plays an important part. No exhibition of modern French art would be complete without its ghastlinesses, of which we have specimens in Mlle. Turner's "Premeditation" (654), M. H. Fournier's "Betrayed and Forsaken" (255), and a few others of which the tale had better be unravelled in presence of the pictures.

We have scarcely done more than glance at a few of the more distinctive works in this interesting collection, the credit of which in great measure is due to Mr. J. R. Whitley's untiring zeal. He may fairly congratulate himself on the result of his labours; and we hope that the English public, so far as it in the least cares for art, will visit this exhibition—not in the hope of finding everything to admire, but much to study and to digest. The English visitor may here realise the dangers to which unreasoning imitation of certain French artists is likely to lead the young painters of the present day; and he may recognise that the truth of the old adage *Corruptio optimi pessima* is applicable, in the widest sense, to the art of painting.

Colonel J. Pennycuik, Royal Engineers, has been selected for the appointment of Chief Engineer to the Government of Madras.

"MIGNON."

To those who have read that singular ethical and æsthetic romance "Wilhelm Meister," which Carlyle translated sixty years ago, commending it as the repository of Goethe's ripest wisdom, no group of figures, in its long procession of typical characters supposed to illustrate the diverse faculties and sentiments of mankind, remains more attractive than the aged harper and his graceful companion, the sweet girl singer, the impersonation of lyric poetry. "Kennst du das Land," her charming effusion of "Sehnsucht," or enraptured longing for the country of imaginative dreams, the idealised, visionary, delicious Italy of which poets used to rave so fondly, and which Cook's tourists are unable to find, has been set to music and sung with much effect by innumerable tuneful voices. The mysterious parentage and birth of the wandering maiden, the spell of her almost superhuman refinement of thought and feeling, and the interest belonging to her fate, continue to invest Mignon with a certain presumption of weird loveliness, appealing to emotional aspirations far more powerfully than any other personages in a generally rather dull didactic story. An Italian artist, Signor E. Fontana, of Milan, in the picture of which we present an oleograph coloured print for our Extra Supplement, has delineated the figure of Mignon with a true conception of Goethe's ideal of feminine youthful inspiration.

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Seaworthy ladies and gentlemen—it is an enviable natural privilege, which more than doubles the opportunities and faculties of enjoyment in foreign travel—may thank the Steam-yacht Victoria Company (Limited), whose offices are at Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent-street, for grand holiday trips, both north and south, to visit the most interesting places on the shores of Europe and the Levant. The Victoria, a fine vessel of 1804 tons register, with engines of 1500-horse power, having a speed of 14½ knots an hour, comfortably and elegantly furnished, carrying no mails or cargo, sails under command of Captain R. D. Lunham, from Tilbury Dock, on wisely arranged voyages of pleasure, differing in length and direction according to the season and time of the year. In June and July she conveyed a large party of summer passengers to the Fjords of Norway; on August 16 she starts for the Baltic, visiting Christiania, Gothenburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg; and in the autumn she promises another thirty days' cruise to Madeira, the Canary Islands, and the Azores, those sunny isles of the Atlantic which steam navigation has brought within easy reach of English people dreading the approach of winter. But her earlier voyages, beginning this year on February 8, were designed for a leisurely cruise of nearly two months (fifty-eight days) along the classic shores of the Mediterranean to Greece, Egypt, Syria and the Holy Land, Constantinople, and Asia Minor. Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Douglas Almond, who accompanied the first cruise last spring, furnished us with a series of sketches, which we have now space to give in the pages of this Journal. We commence with those taken by him at Gibraltar, the noble British fortress at the gateway of the Mediterranean, visited on February 14, and at Naples, four or five days afterwards, following the convenient sea route already made familiar to travellers by the Orient Line to the Suez Canal.

Gibraltar is a place unique in position and character, touched with Spanish and Moorish associations, but the creation of British military and naval power within two centuries past—a natural and artificial stronghold of modern warlike force, one most imposing in aspect, impregnable to assault while properly defended, with a harbour not the best in the world, and probably not affording perfect security for ships against hostile artillery placed on the opposite Spanish shore of the bay of Algeiras, but sufficient for the shelter of a British fleet under ordinary circumstances. The fortress itself does not absolutely command the entrance to the Mediterranean; but the harbour, so long as it is safe, enables a superior naval force to do so; and the garrison, usually of five or six thousand troops, serves, like that of Malta, to maintain the links of military transport between England and the East. Our Artist, instead of delineating the majestic view of the mighty Rock, or examining the wonderful galleries cut in its face, and the tremendous batteries with which it is armed, found employment, during his sojourn of a few hours, in the old streets of the small town, filled with a curious mixture of strange folk—Spaniards, Moors, Jews, Maltese, Algerines, North African negroes, and other races, half European, half Oriental, busily occupied in petty retail trade. The Spanish countrywomen, daily coming into the town for the sale of their poultry and eggs and other rustic produce, are conspicuous in the market scene. They leave the town in the evening, for their homes in the neighbourhood, the gates being closed at night. Everybody has to obey the signal-gun fired at sunset; and after nine o'clock, when the soldiers are in barracks, Gibraltar is a very quiet place.

A great contrast is afforded by the ceaseless vivacity, not eminently industrial or commercial, of the immense and crowded populace of Naples, the largest and liveliest of Italian cities. If the shores and isles of its superb bay are justly renowned for beauty and varied interest, overlooked by the solemn presence of Vesuvius, and haunted by warning reminiscences of Pompeii and Herculaneum, to the south, and by recollections of Baia, and other seats of Roman luxury, on the northern promontory, Naples itself, with all its derelictions of social propriety, and the laziness and poverty of the lower classes, is a rollicking, lounging, merry-making city of people always to the fore, chattering, singing, shouting, car-driving, running about for nothing, or buying and selling for halfpence, cooking, eating and drinking, sleeping, dressing, as much as possible, in the open air. The Sketch of a scene of family life, where a young woman's hair is arranged by her sister's hands in full view of the street, while a mother suckles her babe, and the father sits telling a story, at the door of the milk-shop, is a characteristic bit of Neapolitan manners among the "popolo minuto"; but those Irish of Italy have their good qualities, and will not fail, in due time, to gain a higher standard of civilisation.

The Police Committee of the City Corporation have decided to recommend an increase averaging between 3s. and 4s. per week in the pay of the City Police.

Earl Granville, on July 24, at the Mansion House, presented the certificates, scholarships, and prizes gained by students in the first examination instituted by the London Chamber of Commerce under their new scheme for commercial education. His Lordship and Sir John Lubbock, who presided, urged the importance of developing this branch of educational training.

The exhibition of the works submitted for the National Art Competition, 1890, by the Schools of Art throughout the kingdom is open to the public, and will remain open until the end of August. The works are on view in the Enamels Gallery of the South Kensington Museum. The free days are Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, when the Museum is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.



POULTRY AND EGG MARKET AT GIBRALTAR.



AN AL FRESCO TOILET AT NAPLES.

A HOLIDAY CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.



1. La Scie. 2. Petric Point, Bay of Islands. 3. Little River.

SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SKETCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The expediency of negotiating with the Government of the French Republic for the settlement of disputed questions concerning the French treaty rights on the western shores of Newfoundland must occupy the serious attention of her Majesty's Government. It was stated in Parliament by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir James Fergusson, on July 25, that those rights are now derived from the Treaty of Paris in 1814, which replaced them on the same footing as they stood in 1792, before the long war with France, and was afterwards confirmed by an Act of Parliament. Although the Acts of Parliament for the particular enforcement of treaty stipulations, being of a temporary character, have lapsed, international agreements for a *modus vivendi* are in existence, which our Government has undertaken to enforce, and instructions are given, accordingly, to the British naval officers on that coast.

We present three additional Views of the scenery of the Bay of Islands, at Petrie Point, La Scie, and the Little River Settlement, St. George's Bay, in the magnificent inlets of the western coast of Newfoundland. They have been partly described, as well as Hare Bay, which is in quite another part of the island, to the north-east, but is also included with the parts subject to the French treaty claims, these comprising much more than half the entire seaboard of Newfoundland. The Views are from photographs by Mr. Parsons, of St. John's, the colonial chief town.

NEW BOOKS.

The Story of the Nations: The Jews under Roman Rule. By W. D. Morrison. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Twenty-four volumes of this instructive series of historical treatises, each describing the vicissitudes of internal and external condition of some important branch of mankind during several centuries of its most effective action in the majestic progress of ancient and modern civilisation, have now been produced. Most of them are the work of the ablest specialists in their peculiar departments of research whose services as English writers could just now be engaged for such a task. Their plan of compilation has been maintained with substantial uniformity, allowing a fair proportion of space for the geography of each country, with its territorial and maritime conquests or colonial acquisitions; for a minute account of its laws, customs, institutions, and domestic life; and for an estimate of the national influence upon the state of the world in general. Collectively, we regard these books as more valuable than the most ambitious "Universal History," or "General History," of an encyclopædic scope, that has ever been attempted. They are much more interesting and agreeable to read; each of them leaves a distinct and vivid impression of its subject; and the facility with which these separate biographies of nations, if the phrase be permitted, agree to take hands with one another, in the student's recollection, forming an harmonious concert of authentic knowledge, is a delightful test of their veracity. Mr. W. D. Morrison's treatise on the condition of the Jews, both in Palestine and in all the countries—at least, all the cities—that were Hellenised by Macedonian rule, or by Greek commercial and social intercourse, on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and that were subsequently comprised in the Roman Empire, is one of the best of this series. It is especially commendable for the strict impartiality with which, as an historical inquirer, though he is evidently favourable to the claims of Christianity, he sets forth the actual position of Judaism, as an established religion at the time of Jesus Christ, with the ecclesiastical class interests then existing, the theological sects and schools, with their political associations, and with the popular expectations of temporal deliverance by a predicted Messiah. It is impossible to understand the narrative books of the New Testament without an exact knowledge of all these circumstances, beyond what is to be found in the Bible: for there is a vast gap of Jewish national history, with an immense undergrowth of traditions and prodigious changes of opinion, between the latest of the old prophets, even those subsequent to the re-settlement of Judea after the Babylonian captivity, and the birth of Christ. Some acquaintance with the ideas, perhaps of Persian origin, that accrued during the sojourn of the Jews on the Euphrates, and with the Pythagorean teachings of the Greeks under the Macedonian rule, is obviously needful for comprehending the Apocrypha, from which, and from the history of Josephus, our account of those times is derived.

Approaching nearer to the period of the Gospel narratives, it becomes equally necessary to have precise information of the manner in which the Jews were affected by the Roman administration, carefully distinguishing the condition of Galilee and other provinces, left under the government of the Herodian Kings or tetrarchs, from that of Judea, ruled by a procurator like Pontius Pilate. This portion of the history, from the conquest by Pompey and the submission to Julius Cæsar to the latest record of St. Paul's labours—a period of about one hundred years—is indispensable to be studied for the explanation of the New Testament; and the life of Christ, and the lives of His Apostles, abound in circumstances that are unintelligible without learning the relations between Roman Imperial control and those institutions of hierarchical and municipal self-government, notably the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem, which remained in force. There is an abundance of such learning in the works of Archdeacon Farrar and Dr. Edersheim and other well-known authors; but in this volume it is presented without an evangelical commentary, allowing the reader to apply it for himself to the investigation of the sacred history. It is well, in any case, to observe the aristocratic character of the office of High Priest, an hereditary privilege of certain families, and its lucrative enjoyment; the vast religious, judicial, and social authority of the Scribes, at once the clergy and lawyers of the nation; and the opposed doctrines of the Pharisees and Sadducees, with their different attitudes towards the foreign masters of the country. These topics are clearly explained by Mr. Morrison, who also traces, with manifest disapprobation, the rise and increase of the fanatical party of Zealots, frequently breaking out in fierce but abortive insurrections against Rome, bringing on the terrible siege of Jerusalem by Titus in A.D. 70, and finally its complete destruction in the reign of Hadrian, in A.D. 135. A less painful history is that of the widespread Jewish emigrant communities, usually mercantile or industrial, who thrived for several generations in Syria, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Thrace, and Greece, at Alexandria and Cyrene, and at Rome itself, and in several countries of Europe. These Jews of "the Dispersion," in the aggregate far outnumbering the Jews left in Palestine, were not harshly treated under the Roman Empire; and their condition is of great interest to the reader of the Acts of the Apostles and of St. Paul's Epistles. Mr. Morrison's book can safely be recommended as a trustworthy compendium of the requisite knowledge on this subject: it is, in every way, a good work of its kind.

Newspaper Reporting, in Olden Time and To-day. By John Pendleton. (Elliott Stock: The Book-Lover's Library.)—The methods of skill by which public services, so familiar in their

results as those of every-day journalism, are habitually performed have been apt to excite popular curiosity. One of these is the ordinary performance of reporting for London and country newspapers, a modest and useful branch of literary work entrusted to a class of men, necessarily intelligent and well informed, whose general character for integrity and fidelity, in every part of the United Kingdom, will bear comparison with that of the most dignified professions. Mr. Pendleton, an experienced practitioner of this work at Manchester, and author of a "History of Derbyshire," has compiled, in the small volume here added to the "Book-Lover's Library," many historical anecdotes of English newspaper writing in the narrative, descriptive, and speech-recording departments, with a few preceding notices of the Roman "Acta Diurna," the occasional employment of note-takers by Cicero for important debates in the Senate, and the Venetian gazettes of the sixteenth century, imitated in London at the time of the Spanish Armada. It was in 1622 that Nathaniel Butter issued the first regular weekly printed newspaper, and the first daily was started in 1702; but Parliamentary reporting, as an institution, began in 1736 with that now venerable monthly the *Gentleman's Magazine*. An account of Edward Cave's ingenious devices, for some years, to elude the prohibition of this practice, which was regarded by the two Houses as an injurious breach of privilege, of course finds its due place in Mr. Pendleton's historical chapters, but will not be new to most of his readers. The next chapter, as might be expected, contains many personal anecdotes of "the Gallery" from 1769, when the *Morning Chronicle* was established, with "Memory Woodfall," taking no notes, to listen to the longest debates and carry them away in his head, till under the editorship of James Perry, in 1792, that journal adopted the system of a corps of shorthand or other reporters, taking notes by turn, and retiring with their successive portions. We have known, personally, in old days, several good "memory reporters," who could almost equal the feats of Woodfall; and some of the ablest reporters of statements and arguments, of the logical substance of speeches, in the essential phrases of the speaker, have been men who did not use shorthand, and seldom any other abbreviated writing. Much can be done in this way by a trained intellect, closely following the combinations of spoken thoughts, and welding together, in compact summary sentences, precisely the original words that properly expressed what the speaker meant, while rejecting all the verbiage of oral indulgence. There is no better mental exercise for the education of a youth "with brains"; its best models are furnished by Thucydides and Tacitus; and with such practice, which is so good an instrument of intellectual training, it is no wonder that reporters of the fine old school, fifty or seventy years ago, became great lawyers, rising to the Bench of Judges, or eminent historians, or literary critics and essayists, who left a stamp of power on their age. We do not consider that the modern system of relying on mere manual dexterity in phonography—though it is a beautiful and useful art—with the unintellectual result of sheer verbatim reporting, a necessary but servile occupation—is likely to train men of that order of ability; but some compensation may now be found in the ample opportunities for descriptive and narrative work, vastly improved within twenty or thirty years past. Mr. Pendleton does well, however, to magnify his office; and we could only wish that he had spared the repetition of some ancient professional jokes, amusing blunders of careless and ignorant reporters, or droll examples of personal impudence, which have often been told before. How often, for instance, have we heard of the fictitious eulogy of the virtues of "the Irish potato," which Peter Finnerty put into the mouth of Mr. Wilberforce; and of Mark Supple calling for "A song from Mr. Speaker"! Such freaks ought now to be forgotten. The modern system of combined reporting for Parliamentary debates and for great public meetings is correctly described. Full justice is also done to the varied avocations of the newspaper reporters in leading provincial towns and districts, with their wide experiences of social business, of the habits of different classes, and of scenes of adventure and disaster, far beyond those of ordinary metropolitan reporters. Mr. Pendleton's treatise would be sufficiently conclusive if he would endeavour to estimate the standard of excellence in reporting speeches and debates with reference to a more intellectual method than the verbatim reproduction of superfluous language.

Blossom-Land, and Fallen Leaves. By Clement Scott. (Hutchinson and Co.)—To the hardworking Londoner, or any other townsman, who can find a mental solace for daily long hours of toil at the desk, and for the fatiguing sights and noises of the streets, in fancied visions of rural leisure, with the liberty of wandering or loitering at his own sweet will, this volume is an acceptable gift. Its author, known and esteemed among the ablest contributors to dramatic criticism and to graceful and sympathetic periodical literature, has collected, with ample justification in their abiding interest for the general reader, some thirty charming papers, in some measure descriptive of his favourite places of holiday repose, but largely consisting of personal moods, accidental impressions, and the veins of fresh thought and wholesome feeling opened in a genial mind at welcome times of leisure. This is the region that he calls his "Blossom-Land"—a livelier and happier name than that of "Poppy-Land," where he retired, erewhile, mainly to sleep, or to rest from much thinking, when he was overwearied—and its geographical locality extends far and wide, in some of the pleasantest quiet parts of England, in fair and fruitful Kent, along the east coast, and round by Cromer; also in Normandy, in the Channel Islands, on the banks of the Seine, in Rhineland, in Switzerland, over some Alpine passes, and on the shores of Italian lakes. There is no unnecessary topographical account, in any instance, of what many persons know as tourists, or what anybody can learn from a guide-book; no elaborate pictures of landscape scenery, but an expression of the mental sensations that were felt and of the reflections inspired by solitary visits to those places. Mr. Clement Scott's reminiscences have therefore more originality than is usually characteristic of this kind of writings; and his personal individuality, recommended by much thoughtfulness and generous sentiment, with many touches of refined humour and some of genuine tenderness, so fully pervades this agreeable book that the excellent portrait of its author, which appears in the frontispiece, seems a natural companion of such frank self-revelations. Not that these are tinged with egotism in the slightest degree. The discursive essayist has always been privileged to relate so much of his own experiences as may serve to illustrate what is common to mankind; and this writer, in telling us what he likes, and how much he enjoys it, and how it reminds him, perhaps, of some incidents of his childhood or youth—the book is dedicated to his mother—never exceeds the due limit of an appeal to the ordinary range of human sympathies and tastes. The variety of topics described and discussed in these papers will afford something of particular interest to every reader. Besides the recollections of many a delightful sojourn or journey where one hopes to escape from worldly cares and troubles, there are sketches of the fashionable watering-places on the Continent, and of

homely farm-houses in England; of meadows, corn-fields, parks, and gardens; of some former gambling establishments; of the spectacle of a bull-fight at Madrid; of a Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon; and of the flower-market in Covent-garden. Mr. Clement Scott has the touch that adorns every subject comprised in this miscellany; and his "Fallen Leaves" were well worth picking up in the present collective edition.

Sketchbook of the North. By George Eyre-Todd. (W. Hodge and Co., Glasgow.)—Although most of these papers have appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, we may be allowed, on receiving them, with some others, collected in a shilling volume and issued by a Glasgow publisher, to render critical justice to an author whose contributions to our own pages have been much esteemed. They contain some of the most beautiful prose writing, of the idyllic kind, that has lately been applied to the description of Scottish rural scenery, of mountain and moorland, forest, loch, and river, of the life and manners of the peasantry, Highland and Lowland, and of places hallowed by legendary, poetic, or historical traditions. Mr. Eyre-Todd is almost a Scottish Richard Jefferies in his loving contemplation of the aspects of nature, in the quiet studiousness of his observation of the features of a landscape, and in the harmoniousness of style and tone pervading his finished pictures. He combines, with an eye to the broadest and the minutest facts of natural history, the shaping of the hills, the forms and motions of clouds, the effects of shadow and sunlight, the flowing of waters, the growth of trees and herbs, the habits of birds and beasts—a cordial sympathy with human joys and sorrows, and a fine imaginative conception of the romantic deeds and adventures which give literary interest to many sequestered parts of North Britain. In treating of these, he does not often quote the familiar verses of Scott or Burns or any other familiar great author, but gives us a complete fresh version of the original story, or at least a freely conceived paraphrase, not less true in purport and spirit than impressive to the reader's fancy. The march of a Roman army on the road between the Tyne and the Tweed, the fortunes of powerful Border chiefs, such as those of the Douglas race, under the Scottish Kings, the wars of the Bruce, the troublous reigns of the Stuarts, Queen Mary's fall and flight; the assassination of the Regent Murray at Linlithgow, associated, as in Scott's poem, with Hamilton's sudden appearance at the hunting-party in Cadzow Forest; the plots of Argyle, the battles of Montrose, the struggles of the Covenanters, the Jacobite rebellions, the crushing defeat of Culloden, are not here narrated, but forcibly suggested as proper reminiscences arising in the instructed mind from visits to historic scenes. There is not a word too much of these and similar topics; the idyllic feeling of tranquil present content with the sights and sounds of rural nature, or with the grander views of the Highland region, is never disturbed. We are conducted also to the reputed localities of actions less authentic—to the blasted heath near Cawdor, where Macbeth met the witches, and to Alloway Kirk, near Ayr, where a merrier company of witches danced in the lurking presence of sly Tam o' Shanter. Salmon-fishing and other Highland sports find place among the contents of this charming little book of Scottish sketches, which ought to be in the pocket of every passenger travelling north from King's-cross or Euston when the August holidays begin.

MARKHAR-SHOOTING IN CASHMERE.

The "markhar," or wild mountain goat, of the Western Himalayas, is one of the animals most difficult for the huntsman to stalk. Unlike the ibex, he starts off at the first shot; and, unless he has been severely wounded, is not likely to be seen again. Captain B. R. James, of the 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, who in the summer of 1887, with two brother officers, having six months' leave from Allahabad, enjoyed a sporting tour in Cashmere, reached Srinagar on April 23, and went after markhar on the Kajrag range, to the north of the river Jhelum. His experiences, partly illustrated in the Sketches we have engraved, are thus related in some extracts from his shooting diary:—

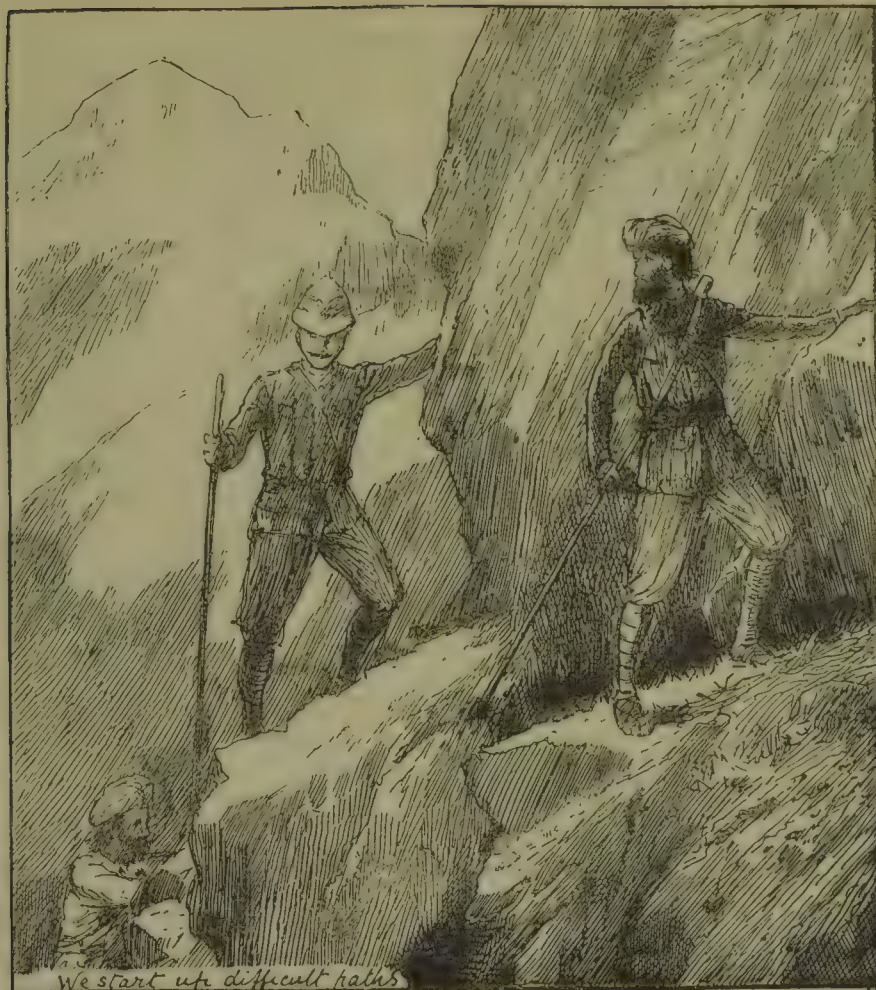
"From April 26 to May 6 I saw a markhar now and again, but never fired off my rifle, except at a brown bear, who came close to my tent one morning when I was at breakfast. On May 6, at 4.30 a.m., I started with Wali Mohammed, my shikaree, and one coolie carrying some food, and the felt bag I always took for sleeping in, if I could not get back at night. I made for the head of the Lachipoora nullah—it was a hard climb—and there were some bad places, in one of which I slipped, and only pulled up at the root of a tree, about ten yards lower down. Arrived at the head of the nullah, we saw nothing, but in the evening made out a markhar, on a point of rock, standing out from a steep khud, about six hundred yards off. After a long round we got above him, and looking over a rock, with the shikaree holding on to me to prevent my going over, I saw the markhar still in the same place. It was an awkward shot, straight down; but I fired, and saw him half jump, half fall, off the point of the rock. After another long climb, we found him, with his horns smashed to pieces, about 800 ft. below where he had fallen from. It was too late to get back, so I slept in my felt bag, and got home to camp and to an easy day with a novel next morning. I got one more markhar, not a good one, for the district is nearly shot out, and picked up a splendid head, with horns nearly forty inches long, while looking about near my tent one morning. On May 20 I started for Baugns for bears, of which I bagged five, and on July 4 set off for Baltistan, to look for ibex in the Shigar nullahs."

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received at luncheon at the Mansion House, on July 24, a number of French Senators and Deputies who are now visiting London in connection with the Inter-Parliamentary Arbitration Congress.

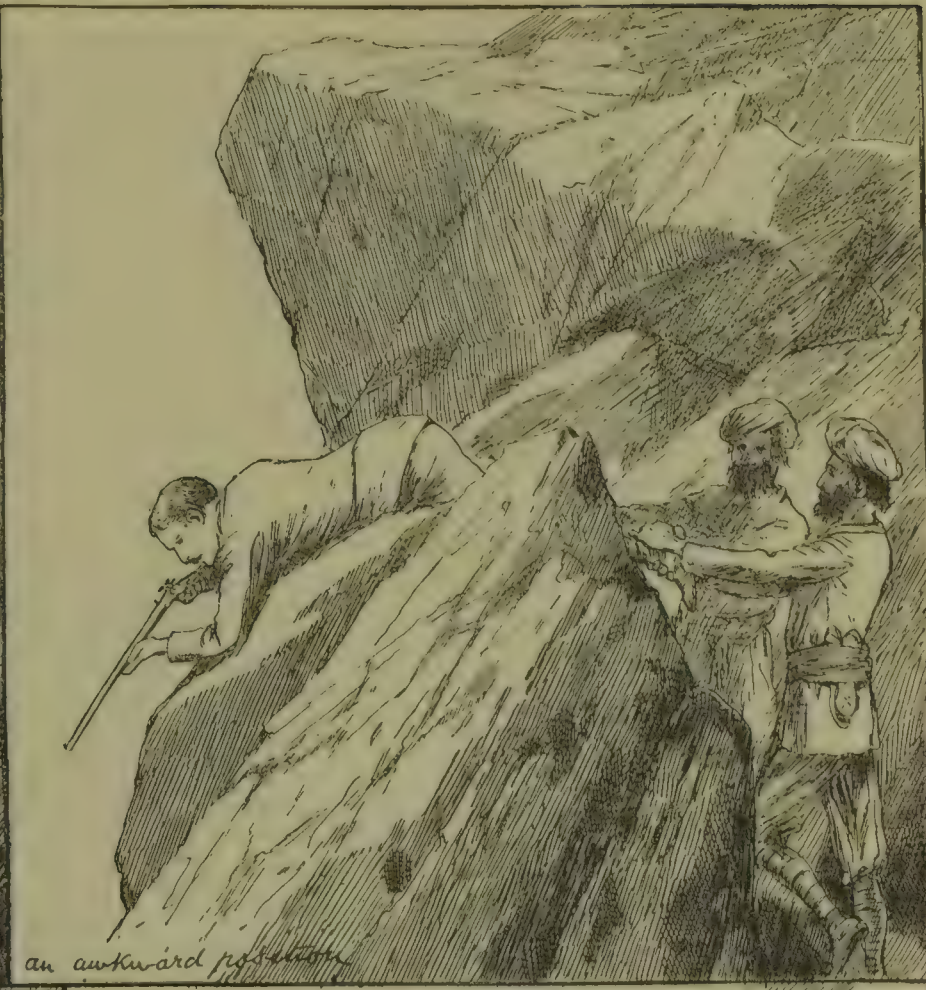
Lord Euston, Deputy Grand Master of Mark Masons of England, presided at Freemasons' Tavern, at the twenty-second anniversary festival of the Benevolent Fund attached to the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons. A company of 220 ladies and brethren supported his Lordship, and the total amount of the contributions announced was £2354.

The formal reception of the newly granted charter of incorporation was the occasion of much rejoicing at Richmond. The town was generally decorated; and the event was celebrated by a largely attended fête in the Old Deer Park and by a public dinner at the Star and Garter Hotel, under the presidency of Sir E. Hertslet, C.B., the provisional Mayor. In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks.

The distribution of prizes to the successful students in the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill was made by Viscount Cross. The principal, Sir A. Taylor, in his report, remarked that during the year an important advance had been made by the introduction of forestry. Hitherto the students had had to visit the forests of Germany and France; now eight hundred acres of land had been purchased near the college, upon which practical operations would be carried on.



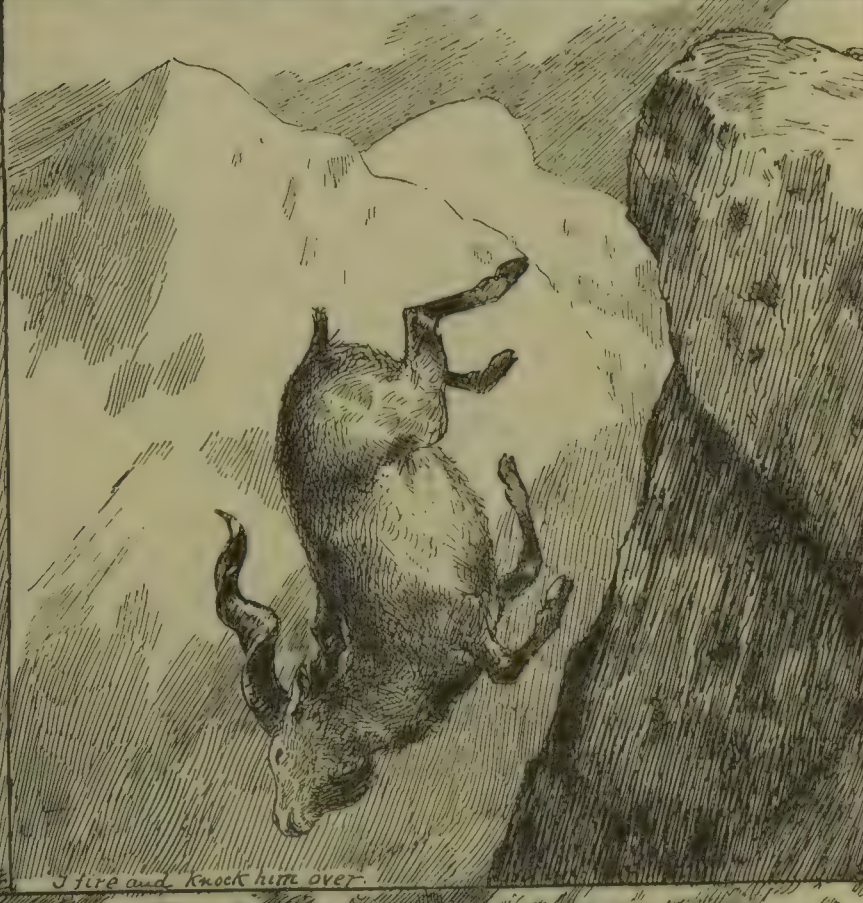
We start up difficult paths



an awkward position



We see a markhor at last



I fire and knock him over

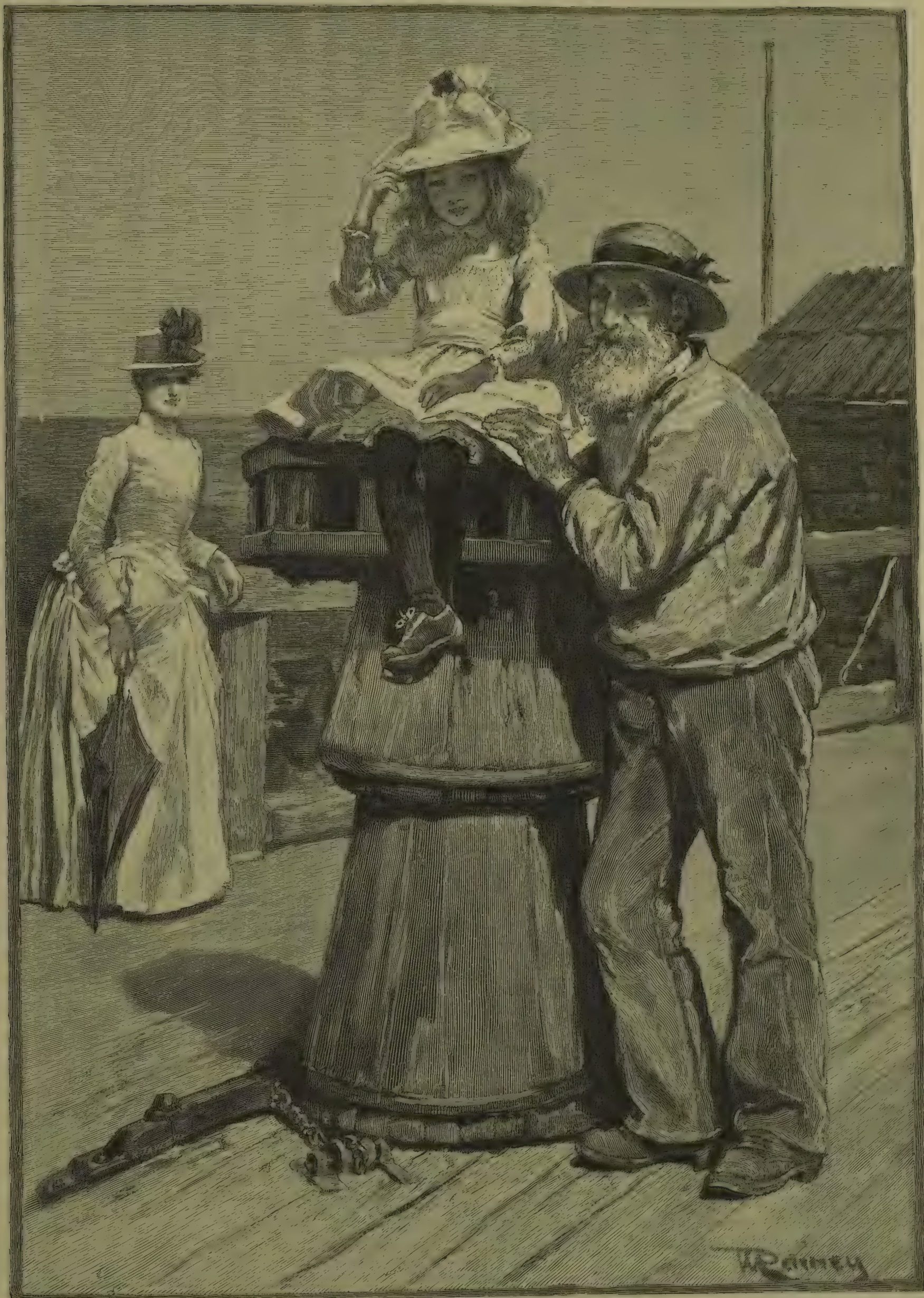


An off day with a novel

E. Gibbons



A THRILLING ROMANCE.
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. WODZINSKI,



LOOKING OUT FOR PAPA.

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

TO THE SEA-COAST.

Will it be dry to-morrow? or will it be wet? Will the rain descend stolidly? or will the day be bright and warm with sunshine as a summer day ought to be? Dry or wet, however, really does not matter so very much: the great thing is that the holidays have begun, and that now for a long eight weeks there will be nothing but swimming and boating and fishing in the most delightful of all coast places, by the sunny sea-loch shore. For months back have not exact calendars been kept in the last pages of Euclids and French grammars, and a space carefully and eagerly blackened out each morning, as the days slowly, very slowly, melted away? Have not the examinations been gone irksomely through, the popular disgust rising higher and higher each day at the necessity of still paying some attention to miserable Greek and Latin when everyone was full of the great things to be done in the holidays? And on actually the last day, when, with the sunshine blazing gloriously on the streets and playground outside, the irksomeness of lessons had become quite too great to be borne, did not the popularity of old Beaton the Rector go from zero up to explosion point at a bound, when, in the Latin class, he said that, as it was the final day of the session, he would ask for nothing further than the translation of the lines he had written on the blackboard? and the dux stood up to construe the ancient holiday verses:—

Tempus est ludendi
Libros deponendi; &c.

What a roar of throats and thunder of heels there was when the fine old fellow wished the class, lastly, a happy holiday and a hearty good-bye!

Then there was the hurrying home in twos and threes through the sunny streets, with their hot asphalt smell—all eagerness to begin the glorious time! It was difficult to realise that the long-looked-for day had come at last. Something definite must be done properly to mark the occasion, and for this purpose a certain much-hated Algebra was solemnly immolated—through a sewer-grating in the pavement. It is the way with all nations: a great event has to be made to bite the taste by a shedding of blood; among civilised peoples, by the building of an institute.

At home, the important occurrence somehow did not seem to have made such a great difference after all. Household affairs seemed to go on in commonplace fashion much as usual. This was disappointing. It would be difficult to say what the difference should have been; but the absence of all difference was a little chilling. It is always unpleasant to discover that the world sees things through other eyes than those of our enthusiasm. To be sure, the family boxes lay packed and piled in the hall, ready for the departure of the morrow; but family matters otherwise went on very much as before. The worst of it was that, in eager anticipation, all preparations had been made days in advance. The canvas canoe, which had taken months of delightful work and planning to construct, had been duly packed; the fishing-lines and hooks, prepared with eager care so long ago, were stowed away somewhere in the family luggage. There was nothing at all to do; and, with the holidays begun, the doing of something seemed a natural necessity.

The morrow, however, would make things all right. Then the actual start for the sea-coast would be made; the common round of town life would be left behind. The woods and the waters would be at our pleasure, and expectation would begin to be fulfilled. The morrow—it is always "The morrow!"

That was the night before. In the morning how early one awaked! how easy it was to get up! Joyous on the way through the streets to the station was the rattling of the family cab; and the sunny corner of the compartment, as the train ran by reedy river and sylvan parkland, a place of delighted dreamings. Hardly more joyous, when the blue waters of the firth at last lay flashing and living below, were of old the longing soldiers of Cyrus, who, coming in sight of the Euxine, shouted, "The sea! the sea!" There in sight were the gay firth steamers with their red funnels and white following tracks of foam; yonder was a heavy ocean packet heading steadily away to the south. Here and there gleamed the white sails of yachts, objects of envy and of firm ambition; and, with much fuss and effort, a tug or two could be seen churning up the water in front of home-bound sailing-ships of romantic interest. Best of all, far down the firth in the sunny distance rose the peaks of the matchless island known so well—the island where so many holiday summers were already to be remembered, where such endless days of delight were about to be begun. There the trout-burns would be brawling now in the glens, and the tide would be glittering up at the old favourite bathing-place on the yellow sand of the bay. Why were the porters so long in bringing the luggage from the train down to the steamer? Why were the movements of things altogether so ordinary and leisurely, when all was eagerness to be off, to be once more amid those glens, putting into practice the dreams and plans of expectant months bygone?

And at last the bay, the mountains, the opal smoke trailing up against the hillside from the clachan in the corrie, the white road winding above the shore, the coal-lugger stranded in the little burnmouth harbour, the rush of the waves along the weedy rocks as the steamer slowed up to the pier—all the charmed sights and sounds were within reach; the actual, practical holidays were about to begin. The very smell of the tar on the pier was a delight to nostrils keen with memory. And yonder—yes, yonder—busy with swab and baling-can among his boats on the beach, was Bob McKelvie himself, the teller of sly shore stories, the retailer of innumerable jokes.

Does reality ever actually come up to the anticipation of it? Does the taste of long-looked-for pleasure ever equal its "tang" in the imagination beforehand? The mind, after all, is a finer instrument than the senses. It has the advantage, besides, of itself supplying the background of circumstances to its picture, and in its service it has a lens to focus and concentrate effects. The boy dreams of his holiday, and maps it out all in sunshine, with the tide at swimming-place. The youth dreams of success, and foresees nothing of the shadow of sobering regrets. The aged dream—Meanwhile, let us take life with good heart, even if we do taste our sweetest in dreams. Who shall say that this, the inner, is not the real life? At any rate, unlike mere outer enjoyment, hope, anticipation is within the power of every man, and, if only in such a way,

Is it a little thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done?

How swiftly the holidays fled, especially towards the end of them! and in the last days what arrangements, what improved plans of enjoyment were formed for the holidays next year! Alas! never again were the circumstances quite the same. Before next year poor Bob McKelvie was drowned—capsized in a sailing-race in the bay; and of the little group who on wet days used to crowd his box among oars and fishing-lines on the beach, and listen to his inimitable stories, never quite the same number gathered there again.

G. E. T.

NEW SEAL OF THE BOROUGH OF BOLTON.

The Municipal Corporation of Bolton, in Lancashire—called "Bolton-le-Moors" in the old Norman-French, "Bolton-super-Moras" in the quaint, mongrel Latin of legal and official documents, and "Bolton o' th' Moors" in vernacular speech—have recently provided that borough with a new Common Seal, a Mayor's Seal, and a Town Clerk's Seal. These display the true armorial bearings of the borough, lately ascertained by a learned investigation, marshalled by Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, and finally registered this year at the Royal College of Arms. The task of investigation was voluntarily undertaken by a public-spirited townsman, formerly a member of the Corporation—namely, Captain Ottley Perry, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Lancashire Regiment, author of that unique manual of military distinctions, "Rank, Badges, and Dates." In a pamphlet of curious local and antiquarian lore, reprinted from the *Bolton Daily Chronicle*, this gentleman has methodically arranged a large collection of facts, some of which have much historical interest.

Bolton, now a great manufacturing town, with a population of 120,000, was one of the manors given to Roger de Poitou by William the Conqueror, afterwards forfeited by that nobleman as a conspirator against Henry I., and granted to Ranulf, Earl of Chester. It had in Saxon times been included, with all the territory between the Mersey and the Ribble, in the ancient kingdom of Mercia, to which Cheshire also belonged, not less than Staffordshire and the other West Midland shires. For Lancashire, or the county of Lancaster, did not exist until the twelfth century, when it was formed by joining the lands between the Mersey and Ribble with those to the north around the town of Lancaster, which had previously been reckoned in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The ancient capital of Mercia had been Coventry, in Warwickshire; and that city remained the most important town of the Midlands in the early Plantagenet reigns. Edward III. fortified Coventry with walls and towers; several Parliaments were held there. The Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield was the ecclesiastical ruler of a diocese almost coextensive with Mercia until the sixteenth century, when the diocese of Chester was created. Hence the old association of Bolton with Coventry; and there was probably a trading connection, as the Coventry manufactures—woollen cloth and "caps"—were the same with those of Bolton, where an industrial colony from the former city may have been established. We do not know the origin of the elephant in the armorial shield of the city of Coventry; but the figure of that animal, with a castle in gold on its back, was borrowed for the crest of Bolton, at the beginning of this century. The elephant stands on the rough ground of a moor.



NEW SEAL OF THE BOROUGH OF BOLTON, LANCASHIRE.

On the front of the castle is a Lancastrian red rose, "barbed and seeded," in memory of the creation of the county of Coventry by Henry VI., and the saddle-cloth is charged with a gold mitre, to commemorate the old diocese of Coventry.

Bolton, indeed, was a seat of the woollen cloth trade in the twelfth century, and became a market town in 1252. This town received skilful Flemish emigrants in the time of Edward III., probably forwarded from Coventry; again in the reign of Elizabeth; and, at a later period, some of the French Huguenots, and Germans from the Palatinate, came to Bolton. In the latter part of the eighteenth century Bolton shared with other towns of Lancashire the rise of the modern cotton manufacture. Its ingenious inventors of improved spinning machinery vied with those of Bury, Blackburn, and Preston. Arkwright, though not born at Bolton, was a barber in that town; and Crompton, who contrived the "mule," combining the inventions of Higgs, Hargreaves, and Arkwright, was a Bolton man; his statue has been erected there. In the devices henceforth borne on the shield of the Borough Corporation, as shown by our Illustration, are a golden shuttle and a golden spindle, to celebrate the weaving manufacture and the invention of the spinning-mule, peaceful successors of the arrow, which is also herein represented, to commemorate the notable skill and valour of Bolton men as archers. They fought at the battle of Agincourt, under their Captain, Sir Bertine Entwistle, a Viscount in France, but a native of Bolton; probably also in the Wars of the Roses and at Flodden. Captain Perry, who is a zealous advocate of thorough military instruction for the Volunteers, and one of the most accomplished officers of that force, seems to think with the Prince of Wales, in his speech the other day at Bisley, that our modern riflemen ought to be reminded of the ancient dexterity of English bowmen.

The new Borough Seal, which supersedes that very defective and erroneous one hitherto used—the town having had a Municipal Corporation since 1838—requires no further description; but it will be observed that the Rose of Lancaster is again introduced in the lower part of the shield. The motto, "Supera moras," is one of those quaint old Latin puns not uncommon in heraldry. Ainsworth, a Bolton scholar, in his famous dictionary, has not taught us that it can properly mean "on the moors," but that it may safely be construed, "Overcome delays or hindrances"; and this is what Bolton men have been accustomed to do. His Worship the Mayor, Alderman John Barrett, and the Town Clerk, Mr. R. G. Hinnett, are now in possession of the beautiful new seals, made by Messrs. T. R. Sachs and Sons, goldsmiths, of London.

The Duke of Newcastle's estate of Workop Manor was offered by auction at Sheffield, on July 24, by Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P.; and the lots offered, except four, were sold, the amount realised being £106,020.

Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire, who is at present residing at Cluny Castle, has offered to give £10,000 for the purpose of building a free public library at Ayr, provided the town agrees to adopt the Free Libraries Act. The Town Council approve of the adoption of the Act.

THE KEEPER'S SOLITUDE.

In some parts of England—happily, they are in a minority, but they exist—the woodland glows in the fulness of the summer sunshine; but the sights and sounds which delight the eye and "make music to the lonely ear" are absent. And this is the work of the keepers. Most gamekeepers are very good fellows. All of them have zeal in their employment. Some—happily only a minority—allow zeal to outrun discretion in a manner which would have horrified Talleyrand. To these latter, all that is not game is "vermin," and, therefore, to be destroyed. "They make a solitude and call it peace"—for game.

Now, all of us—at any rate, if we must speak by the card, most of us—who have had the opportunity enjoy shooting. And without a certain amount of game there is no shooting. But it is quite possible to have a fair amount of game where there also exist some of the beautiful wild creatures which make, to everybody beyond the mere enthusiast for a big bag, the fields and woodlands delightful indeed. In many places this state of things happily exists.

But there are solitudes. Pheasants and partridges and rabbits—not hares, which become rarer year by year—are in plenty. But what else? What for the mere student of nature?—what for the naturalist?—what for the best class of sportsmen, the sportsmen-naturalists? Says Carlyle, in his "Essay on the Diamond Necklace," that historic intrigue which had such an incalculable influence on the impetus of the French Revolution: "My friends, beware of fixed ideas!"—a piece of advice always valuable. Well, what is this solitude but the result of certain keepers' fixed ideas?—ideas which in some but rare cases are shared by the landowner, but which for the most part are allowed full scope from belief in the expert and general indifference. Be their origin what it may, here is the result.

A broad woodland stands magnificent in its midsummer green—of varying tints and shades exquisite indeed to the trained and appreciative eye—belted round by meadows, some of late growth still rich in their succulent crop, some earlier, smooth and short where the mowing-machine has done its work, level as lawns with scarcely a daisy to spangle the surface. Beyond is a great

extended field
Of blossomed beans; Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than liberal thence
Breathes through the sense and takes the ravished soul.

The busy hum of the bees is heard from morning to night from the clover-field far away, whose perfume mingles with the bean-flowers. And from the uncut grass comes the constant harsh cry—harsh yet beautiful in its associations—of the corn-crake.

But hum of bee and cry of corn-crake are all which in this place, save the call of the partridge and occasional crow of the cock pheasant, you are likely to hear. The oaks stand stately, with broad, dark-green branches in thick luxuriance; the more slender ash-trees seem to invite the jay and missel-thrush; here and there graceful beeches and beautiful towering horse-chestnuts vary the profusion of the wood; while around the trunks of the great timber-trees cluster thickets of hazel and holly, and groups of young larch. It is a splendid woodland home to all appearance, for all the rarer birds. But where are their voices?

Foremost, one listens to hear the cheery chatter of the magpie—one expects to see his nimble, long-tailed, black-and-white form darting among the trees, the hedgerow beneath which is rich with trailing festoons of great bind-weed, and where are the foxgloves' hollow bells. No chatter is heard; no pied form is seen. Well, it is to be admitted the magpie likes eggs, and so gives the keeper an excuse. But surely one or two of the loud, beautifully marked, restless birds are a great addition to the woodland; and even more so is the jay, with its exquisite tint of blue gleaming in the sun. You will not hear the scream of the jay, however, nor see its handsome plumage amid the branches. Its penchant for eggs has sealed its doom. But what is the crime of the beautiful bold missel-thrush—the stormcock, as the country folk call it, from its clear ringing notes uttered from the tallest treetop just before rain? We know not, but it has been added to the list of the keeper's victims. For hawk or crow, of course, no one will think to look. Yet the kestrel fanning the air with extended wings high up in the blue while its keen eyes discern the tiny field-mouse below, the sparrow-hawk sweeping round the hedge, were surely things to delight the ordinary eye. The owls, too, will hoot no more. Even the usually harmless white or barn owl, the great mouse-slayer and farmer's friend, which is the one that "in the belfry sits," is involved in one common vengeance with the more predatory brown owl, whose hootings make "the copses ring."

Silence everywhere. Twitterings here and there indeed, but silence as regards the song-birds whose melody makes so mingled a charm in most lonely woodlands. Some keepers, indeed, and it is the case here, destroy the nests of thrush and blackbird, whitethroat, woodlark, and wren—whether on some peculiar grounds only known to their own imagination as to game-foes, or whether to prevent the chance of boys being incited to trespass for birds' nests, we know not. At any rate, the result is that the grand wood resembles the famous "birdless grove" at Goodwood.

Nor shall the wayfarer at twilight passing across the fields see the harmless nightjar circling, batlike, round the oaks for moths, or hear it from some unseen branch or rail uttering that loud whirring note which is so startling to the unaccustomed ear. The nightjar—which for two thousand years has been slandered, since the Sicilian shepherds first declared it milked their goats—is something like a hawk. Therefore, our zealous keeper, following the fixed idea again, makes it share the hawk's doom. So, too, with the cuckoo, for a similar reason.

At least, you say, though solitude reigns here as to so many things feathered and furred, the harmless little squirrel, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, will run from branch to branch, and give pleasure to the eye wandering amid the maze of branches? Ah, no! the squirrels at their breeding-time have been ruthlessly slain—wherefore, we never found a cogent reason, save that in some vague way they were supposed to share the hedgehog's crimes, which, in most keepers' eyes, are great.

So the beautiful wood, with its wealth of leaf and bough, is, except for game, a solitude—one, too, regretted not only by traveller or artist or simple country observers, but by the sportsmen-naturalists, who know that good shooting need not mean so widely destroying some of the most beautiful wild creatures of our fair land.

F. G. W.

Lord Wolseley, on July 24, distributed the awards at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Addressing the cadets, he urged upon them the importance of obedience and discipline, and observed that tact was an essential quality in an officer, who, to obtain a proper influence over his men, should learn their feelings and wishes, and show that he was not only their commander but also their friend.

AT THE GATES OF DAY.

When last we left the village for the fields, it was long after the close of eve. The midnight hour—

That hour o' night's black arch the key-stone,
as Burns names it with uncanny picturesqueness, had just been struck from the old church tower, clear and solemn through the silence; the wan, gibbous moon was just rising over the fir-topped hill, while the sky's dome sparkled from zenith to horizon with thousands of sapphire stars. Nature, however, is always at home to those whose hearts are willing to learn of her divine revelations and entrancing beauty. Now that the grey dawn is upon us, does it suit your mood to go forth with us to look upon the earth under an aspect not generally seen or chronicled by the world's weary workers—that of the silent coming of day? If so, let us be afoot ere the wheels of Aurora's car flash on the awaking eastern hills.

Everyone knows how that delightful soul Charles Lamb was wont to say that he quite admitted there were pretty sunrises, and such-like gawds, abroad in the world, which any gentleman might see for the trouble of getting up; but, having been tempted once or twice in early life to assist at those ceremonies, he confessed that his curiosity was abated; and that he ever since held that the delectable hours of the dawn, when every well-disposed Christian was asleep, were too sacred to be wasted on such spectacular affairs! We all know that the gentle "Elia" had two weaknesses—his love for hot punch and his inordinate liking for bed of a morning—the one, in all probability, the natural sequence to the other. But surely his delicious conceits, nimble wit, subtlety of thought, and fascinating style can well cover to some extent the dear soul's sins. Through his infinite tenderness of heart, the sublime pathos in his love for his sister Mary—what a tragic story!—and the charming witchery he exercises over us, both in voice and pen, we compassionately forget his failings, having in our hearts the wish of Coleridge—after his own Mary, his truest friend on earth—

His soul is with the saints, we trust!

There is a vague indication of grey over the sky, and a sense of awakening life upon the earth. The Pleiades above us have paled their sparkling fires; but here and there a lustrous star, firm and brave amid the retreating cohorts, remains, like an open eye, on the low frontier of the yet darkened West. Faintly, in the north-eastern horizon, a grey cold light, shaped into strangely weird forms by the dark, sleeping clouds, has been crawling along towards the East. A few moments more, and it visibly mounts upwards, shedding a pale light which is redeemed from being ghastly by having obtained a clearness at once from some invisible force. This light awakens a white gleam on every pool and lake and stream which lies between us and the dawning mystery in the East. And now the grey on the rim of the horizon resolves itself into a bright emerald, and, higher up, into blue—deep, far-off, illimitable. The flecks of cloud are motionless as anchored ships. Gradually they catch a glow, and become like amber bars stretching at intervals along a crystal sea. Ruddier they get, and seem to pulsate, as if, through some unseen influence, they were throbbing into the mystery of life. And now the glorious sun rises in all the grandeur of a god, and shadows flee away!

The sky at the eastern horizon, from its deep green before sunrise, has now become a bright blue, contrasting wonderfully with the green hills in the distant background. And now a slight breeze comes up, from one knows not where, and blows its—

Réveillé to the breaking morn.

It is Nature awaking again to a new day, and drawing her first breath ere she begins another dial's round of the blessedness of life.

Observe the sky from the zenith to within twenty degrees of the eastern horizon. Between us and the crystalline blue there is one vast filmy veil of cirrus, fine as carded wool. Angels' hands alone could weave that exquisite heavenly drapery. And what a mystic colouring is now being accomplished by unseen fingers on the wondrous texture! Nature never lets a moment pass without giving some manifestation of her infinite resources. Every fibre of these cirri clouds is pulsing with iridescent glow. Not one streak is dead in all the sky. Purple and grey, blue and orange, succeed each other with faultless variation, now faint and feeble, now pure deep, from the highest height down to the burnished plain yonder in the horizon, where now rides the conquering sun.

Yonder is another exquisite touch of beauty amid so much that is calm and bright on this glorious summer morn—a dainty cloud, a snow-white flake, floating slowly along by the green hillside. How well has Shelley described the slow movement, the restless motion of such clouds!—

Underneath the young grey dawn

A multitude of dense white fleecy clouds

Were wandering in thick folds along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

A cool breeze is now coming up from the south, bringing with it white clouds sailing high through the region from which the cirri have so suddenly and mysteriously glided away. They are white and fresh as new-fallen snow, and the blue sky lying here and there in patches between them has the appearance of azure lakes or aerial seas, compassed by silent snowfields and mysterious glaciers, with conformation changeful and fantastic beyond those of earth. Such clouds, Claude, Rosa, and our own Turner loved to paint. In their impressive grandeur and subtle transformations they were alike their admiration and despair, as they shall be to the most heaven-gifted eye and dearest hand the world can ever see. The delicate hues, the contrast of the fleecy white with the deepest blue, the ever-changing forms, the light shining through their gauzy texture, and their gentle, dreamy motion, lend these clouds a beauty and grace the memory of which cannot easily pass away.

All nature is now astir with signs of renewed life. The sedge-warbler and reed-wren among the overhanging willows and fluted reeds of the river are both voiceful with joy—the one singing in a wild gurgling rhapsody of delight; the other with sweet, thin vitreous note, humble, yet surely acceptable in the chorus of morn. The whirring snipe hums over our heads on his way to the broad stretch of marshy meadow—

Where precious qualities of silence haunt,

while the coo yonder is vocal with the thrush's jaunty, heedless song. Long ago, after his night's foraging, the grey owl has gone home to his wife and family. I know one who has chosen his home well. It is in a snug, dainty hollow of

yon oak. In the choice of that habitation his own shrewdness has taken advantage of nature's kindly offer, for a fine leaf-laden branch effectually covers the entrance from unfriendly eyes. I do not pretend to know all the mysteries of his going and coming; I suppose one might spend the round of the calendar on the study of an owl's everyday life—the less said about some of its variations the better for the owl!—and pass an examination thereon but very indifferently at the end of the term. I like the fellow, however—like him with a kind of patronising, I have-my-eye-upon-you geniality. He is diligent in business, and honest—after the light that is in him. Through storm and shine attention to his household is the supreme principle of his being, and, in the main, he finds life happy—which is more than can be said of many featherless bipeds.

But we must now return to the village. Let us glance at the old mill by the way. Here it is, with the mill-race in its liquid sweep of crystal water, and the kindly, bustling miller, whose genial settled smile—

Seems half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

We need not regret our early ramble in such a delectable morning, but rather, in the after-days, when we take a retrospect of life in some quiet hour, there may fittingly come upon our lips the words of Wordsworth's "Prelude"—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

A. L.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PRESIDENT.

At the annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, on July 22, the Rev. William Feddian Moulton, D.D., was elected President for the year. Dr. Moulton was born in 1835, at Leek, in Staffordshire, and was educated at the London



THE REV. DR. MOULTON, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

University, where he took his degree in 1856. He became, in 1858, classical tutor in the Wesleyan College at Richmond, and in 1874 was appointed Head Master of Leys College, Cambridge. His attainments in Greek scholarship, which are considerable, led to his being appointed one of the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament; and his abilities as a minister and manager are known in the Wesleyan denomination.

Mr. Rowland Whitehead, of the Inner Temple, has been elected lecturer on conveyancing to the Incorporated Law Society. Mr. Whitehead, who is a son of Sir James Whitehead, High Sheriff of the County of London, took a first class in the final History School at Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1888.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held on July 26—Lord Willoughby De Eresby, Vice-President, in the chair—Lieut.-Colonel W. Larkins-Walker and Mr. H. Mitchell Philipps were elected Fellows of the Society. A number of tropical edible plants now in fruit in the gardens were exhibited and commented upon by the secretary.

The half-yearly meeting of the board of management of the Bishop of London's Fund was held on July 25. The report of the executive committee stated that the contributions received up to July 21 amounted to £12,154, which, with the balance on Jan. 1, had placed at the disposal of the committee £21,481. Grants had been made to the amount of £21,421—namely, for missionary clergy, £1450; curates, £2082; lay agents, £3371; parsonages, £1076; schools, £580; mission buildings, £6233; endowments, £4350; and churches, £2279.

At the Polytechnic Institute, Regent-street, on July 25, Mr. Edmund Boulnois, M.P., distributed the prizes to the scholars of the Intermediate and Technical Day-school in connection with the institution. The head master, Mr. W. Butler Smith, presented a report, which stated that the pupils numbered 580, and in the examination they had been highly successful. This was the first year that the students had entered for the Society of Arts examinations, and fifty-eight boys had passed. A prize offered by Messrs. Maudslay, and valued at £200, was awarded to J. W. Carpenter. After the prizes had been presented, the Chairman complimented the scholars upon the progress they were making, and impressed on them the necessity of learning technical subjects. A swimming entertainment and a gymnastic display followed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

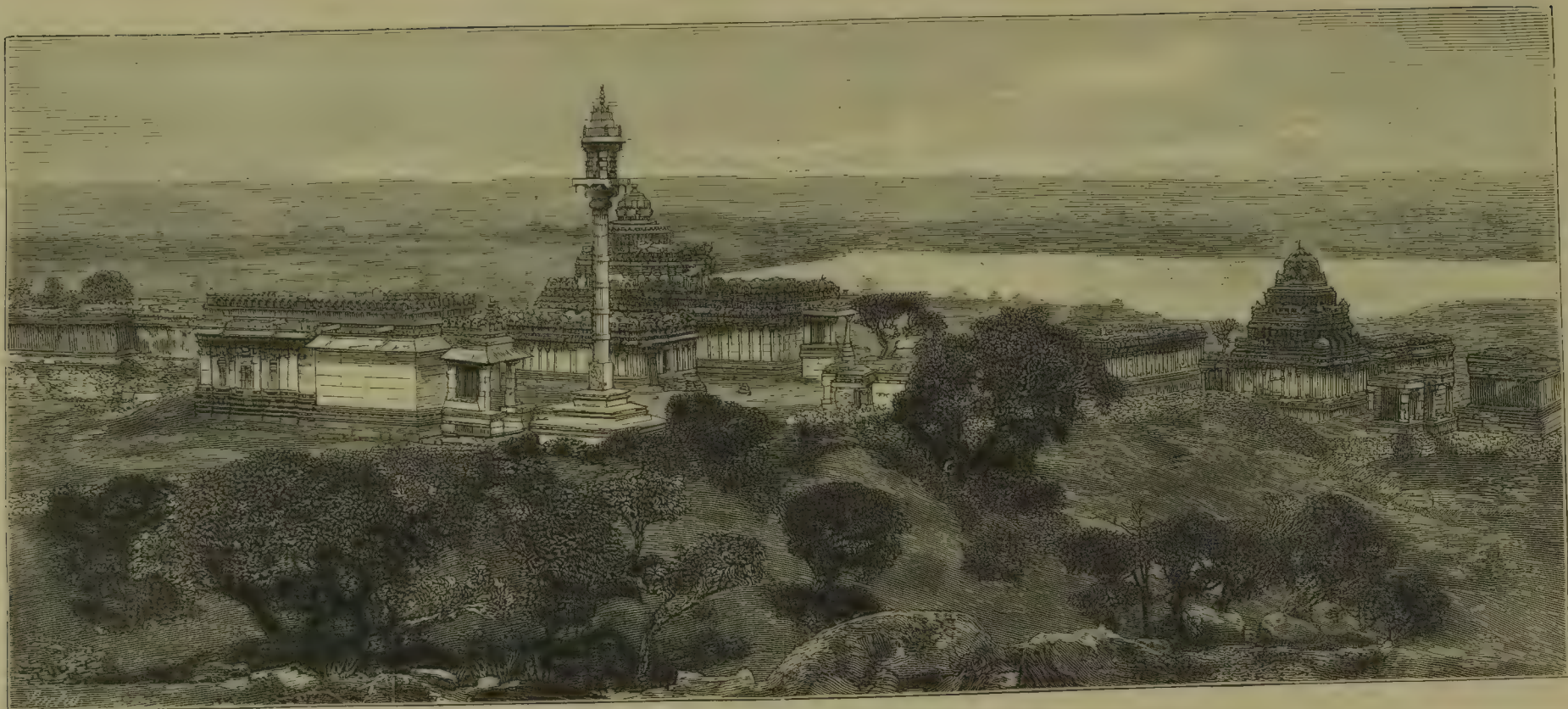
The holiday season is upon us in full blast, and the teeming thousands will, day by day, be seeking new vigour for the duties of life by the sea and on the mountains, by lake and by stream. It has always been a matter of surprise to me to find many otherwise sensible persons content to leave a comfortable home with its excellent sanitary arrangements, and stow themselves in some miserable country house or seaside lodgings, the state of which would give a sanitarian a fit of horror. Holidaying is too often purchased, I am afraid, at the cost of health. Strange sarcasm, indeed, that the search after health should so often result in the production of disease. It is nevertheless true that in our summer migrations we are apt to become extremely careless about our physical welfare. We never, as a rule, think of sniffing about the drains of our seaside houses, although at home we may be martinet in the matter of hygiene. And so it happens that we return home with the typhoid fever, or the diphtheria, or the measles, or other ailment with which combined carelessness and ignorance have inflicted us at the seaside.

Apropos of the above remarks, which are meant to point the moral that we should be as wide-awake over our holiday residences as we are over our own homes, I note that Eastbourne has, of late, been adding to its many attractions, that of sanitary safety. The Corporation, I note, is anticipating a regular tour and systematic inspection of all the houses in the borough. Certificates of sanitary excellence are to be issued in the case of all houses which may be found to be trustworthy in a hygienic sense. If any of my readers desire to know what constitutes a sanitary house, I may quote certain words of mine, recently penned in connection with the Eastbourne resolution. Thus, no house should be inhabited which is not cut off from the street sewers by an intercepting trap, preventing sewer gas from gaining access to the house, and which ensures that fresh air, and not foul vapours, is circulating through the drain-pipes. No house, again, is or can be, certified as a safe residence in which the overflow-pipe of the cistern (where cisterns are in use) goes down directly into the house drains, and renders the water liable to impregnation by sewer gas, with a natural result of inducing typhoid fever and allied filth-propagated diseases. No house in which cisterns exist at all should have but one such receptacle for water-storage—that is to say, the water-supply of the bath-rooms and closets should be taken from a cistern different from that which supplies the kitchen. If to these simple provisions we add others which insist on the already law-provided points of notification of infectious diseases, and the thorough supervised disinfection of all premises in which such diseases have been treated, we may thus sum up, not the whole duty of man in respect of health-laws and their observance, but, at least, a large part of the duty he owes to his neighbours and himself. I make bold to say that, if these plain and simple demands were rigidly attended to, we should be able to reduce our death-rate by a very considerable figure each year.

In last week's article I dealt with the conditions and ways of sponge-life. A recent note is of some interest in connection with the effect which certain poisons exert on sponges. Thus, when curare, strychnine, or cocaine is used, the substance seems to act on sponges in much the same fashion as that wherein higher animals are affected. The curare produces a relaxation of the orifices of the sponge, while strychnine, on the other hand, causes a sharp contraction of these apertures. Cocaine, as might be expected, destroys the sensibility of the living matter of the sponge. It shows, at least, that some very decided analogies exist between low and high forms of protoplasm when the effects of poisons applied in each case seem to be largely identical.

Have my readers noticed how large a space certain daily newspapers devote, nowadays, to chronicling the doings of the fashionable world—so called? This may, it is true, be a matter far removed from science; but it may be permitted to a humble scientist to enter his protest against having the "valuable space" of his newspaper occupied by the recital that "Lady A gave a party last night," or that "Professor and Mrs. B have left the Plaza-Toro Hotel for Honolulu." I suppose this is what is called "society journalism." If so, I imagine the less we see of this sort of thing (for culture's sake) the better. I heard Mr. Corney Grain, the other evening, satirise society in one of his inimitable monologues. His opinion is that, no matter who you are or what you are, you must get your name "in the papers" if you are to be in "the society swim." This seems to be only too true; but why or wherefore I, in common with the world at large, am to feel interested in the movements of Mr. Y or Mrs. Z, is one of those things nobody can understand. One thing I do know, however: that sometimes "smart people," so called, are terribly rude and ill-mannered. At "The Gondoliers," a short time ago, a party of young ladies and young gentlemen seated just behind me in the stalls discussed their relations all through the opera; and from a private box there issued the hum and buzz of an interesting conversation all through the performance. These may be society manners: I am certain such practices are those of social bores.

The interdependence of life has always formed a topic of interest to biologists. Red clover is absolutely dependent for its fertilisation on humble-bees, just as certain orchids cannot produce seed in the absence of the special insects which fertilise them. I observe that an American botanist has shown that in Geary County, Kansas, two plants, unknown there a few years gone by, are now plentiful. One of these plants is the buffalo nettle, or thistle (*Solanum rostratum*), a relative of the potato itself. Formerly the Colorado potato-beetle proved itself a pest in the county. Now it gives no trouble at all, and the reason for the non-interference of the beetle seems to be explained by the fact that the buffalo thistle is its native food, and that the insect prefers to feed upon this plant before all others. When the buffalo thistle is not abundant in any locality, the beetle attacks the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*). It may be worth the while of agriculturists and biologists together to study this interdependence of plants and insects a little more carefully than has hitherto been done. If, as seems possible, we may trick a destructive insect out of its habits by placing before it its proper food, the idea, it is clear, is susceptible of much enlargement in a practical sense.—ANDREW WILSON.



TEMPLE OF SRAVANA BELGULA, IN MYSORE.

Archæological researches in India present no more interesting relics than those attesting the former predominance of the Buddhist religion, which has been expelled by Brahminism, but has left marvellous architectural monuments and representations in sculpture. Some of these, in Western and Southern India, due to the sect of Jains, whose system was an offshoot of Buddhism, have occasionally been described and illustrated. A correspondent at Bangalore, Mr. A. Mervyn-Smith, has obliged us by sending a series of photographs, including some views of the remarkable "basti," or temple, at Sravana Belgula, a village in the Hasan district of Mysore, thirty-five miles north-west of Seringapatam; and the neighbouring hills, or rocks, called Indra-giri and Chandra-beta; on the summit of Indra-giri is a colossal figure of Gautama Buddha, carved out of the rock, 70 ft. 3 in. high, the tallest

stone statue in the world. Mr. Mervyn-Smith has given us an exact description; but we are indebted also to Sir George Birdwood, of the India Office, a high authority upon these subjects, for the following notes:—

"The hill of Indra-giri is a vast 'tor' of syenite, from four hundred to five hundred feet high, crowned with a 'betu' or colossal image of the Jaina saint Gomata-esvara, who may be identified either with Gautama Buddha or his traditional preceptor, Mahavira, or Vardhamana-svami, the last of the twenty-four Jaina 'tirthankars'—that is to say, 'shrine-constitutors.' There is another of these colossal Jaina images at Kar-Kala, or 'Black-rock,' in South Kanara, and yet another at Yanûr; all three belong to the Dig-ambara—i.e. 'Sky-apparelled' sect of Jinas, so called because they go about either quite naked, or wear coloured clothes, in

opposition to the Svet-ambara sect, or those who wear only white clothes. An inscription at the base of the statue at Sravana Belgula shows that it was erected by Chavunda Raya, who, according to the chronology of the Jinas, lived about 50 B.C. The Jinas are still numerous represented at Sravana Belgula, which they are locally reputed to have colonised in the third century B.C."

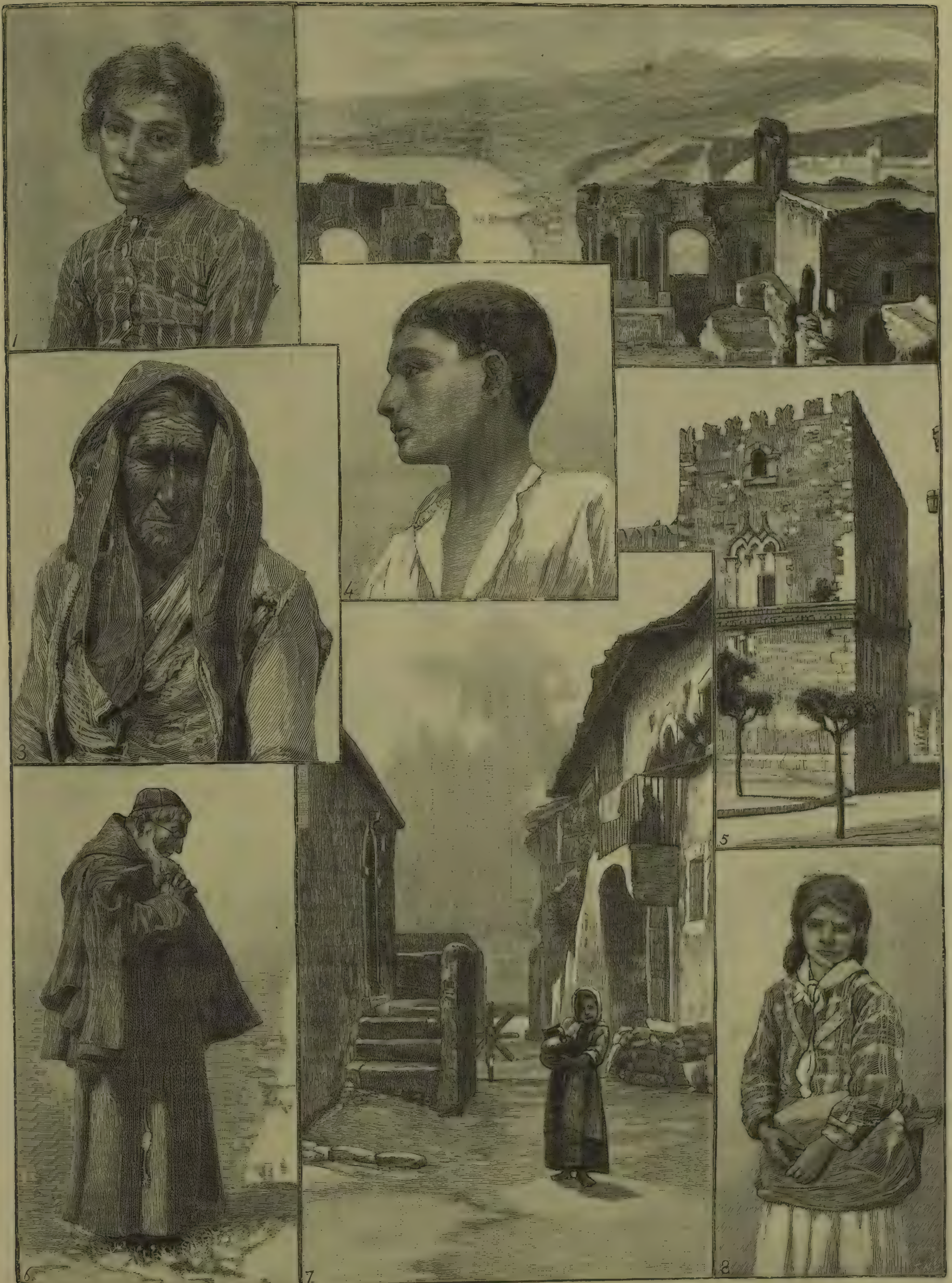
The view presented in our Engraving shows the fine reservoir for water constructed between the two hills of Indra-giri and Chandra-beta; this reservoir is never known to dry, and it is said to contain immense treasure, the accumulated offerings of myriads of devotees.

The other illustration shows the "bastis," or monasteries erected on a shoulder of Chandra-beta, with a fine view of the plains of Mysore in the distance.



HILL, NEARLY 500 FEET HIGH, WITH A ROCK-CUT IMAGE, 70 FEET HIGH, ON THE SUMMIT,

ANCIENT JAIN TEMPLES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.



1, 3, 4. Types of Faces at Taormina.

2. The Greek Theatre—Mount Etna in the Distance.

5. Old Castellated Building.

6. Sicilian Friar.

7. Street in Taormina.

8. Young Gipsy Girl.

SKETCHES IN TAORMINA, SICILY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 21, 1885) of Mr. William Fowler, late of Boadlands, 1, Alexandra Drive, Princes Park, Liverpool, who died on April 28 last, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Emily Fowler, the widow, and George Fowler, Robert David Fowler, and the Rev. James Thomas Fowler, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £122,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, plate, effects, horses, and carriages, and £2000, to his wife; and £2000 to his brother James. He leaves £3000 per annum to his wife during widowhood, she bringing up, educating, and maintaining sons under twenty-one and daughters under that age and unmarried, with power to his trustees to increase his wife's annual allowance to £4000, and in the event of her marrying again £1000 per annum is to be paid to her. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1886) of his Excellency Señor Don Juan Bautista de Guzman y Cabellero, Duke of Najera, late of Madrid, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved in London on July 19 by Juan Crooke y Navarrot, Count of Valencia de Don Juan, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £42,000. The testator directs certain masses to be said for him; and there are bequests to charitable institutions and to servants. The usufruct of his property he gives to his brothers and sisters, with benefit of survivorship. On the death of the survivor, various legacies to nephews, nieces, godchildren, nephews-in-law, and others are to be paid; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his nephews and nieces by blood.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1885) of Mr. Carlos Chamberlin, formerly of Manchester, merchant, and late of 37, Eversfield-place, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on June 24 last, was proved on July 22 by William Joynson and James Heard, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, £200, and, for life, one third of the income of the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlin. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children, George Augustus, Mary Elizabeth, Henry Barton, Alfred Richardson, Emma Schwabe, and Edward Kirk, in equal shares, but certain sums given to his sons are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1883) of Mr. Henry Peter Crofts, D.L., J.P., late of Sompston Abbots, Sussex, who died on June 24, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Ellen Merriall Crofts, the widow, James Ingram, and James Crofts Ingram, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, plate, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, and £1000 to his wife; and legacies to his daughter Mrs. Tristram, brother, brother-in-law Mr. James Ingram, and to his butler. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his three younger daughters, Elizabeth Frances, Gertrude Mary, and Maud Charlotte, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1887) of Miss Jane Susan Dunbar Wilkinson, late of Lorton, Beckenham, Kent, who died on June 28 last, at Bristol, was proved on July 19 by Miss Fanny Rollo Wilkinson, and Miss Louisa Mary Wilkinson, the nieces, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to Major James Aytoun; and £500 to the five children of Edward H. Hallman, in equal shares. The residue of her property she gives to her nieces, Fanny Rollo Wilkinson, Louisa Mary Wilkinson, Gladys Hemming Wilkinson, and Jean Aytoun Wilkinson, in equal shares.

The will and codicil of Mr. Edward Wetherell, late of Kent Lodge, Liverpool-gardens, Worthing, Sussex, who died on May 21 last, was proved on July 9 by Frederick James Hand and Herbert Francis Hayes, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000.

SKETCHES AT TAORMINA, SICILY.

On the eastern seacoast of Sicily, halfway between Messina and Catania, and near the base of Mount Etna, the most famous of volcanoes known to Greek classic poets, underneath which they imagined the rebellious Titans lying in a bed of fire, in the agony of an eternal struggle against the rule of Zeus or Jove, is the small town of Taormina, easily accessible by the railway that runs on southward to Syracuse. Few places have more interest, for the lover of classical antiquities or of romantic historical associations, in later ages, than this part of the Sicilian shores, colonised by the Greeks at the height of their glorious civilisation, afterwards subdued by the Carthaginians and the Romans, ravaged by the Saracens in the Middle Ages, conquered by the Normans and reclaimed to Christendom, and subsequently ruled by the French, Spaniards, and Neapolitans, each nation successively leaving its mark, if not on the architecture of the towns, certainly in the existing diversity of races among their population.

Of Taormenium, which was founded, in the year 403 B.C., by Greek emigrants from Naxos, and was captured by Dionysius of Syracuse seven years afterwards, there are few remains except those of the noble theatre, which is believed, though of Greek form, to have been constructed in Roman times, as it is chiefly built of brick. It is a vast semicircular structure, 377 ft. in diameter, with Corinthian pillars of marble, some of which are yet standing, and with intervening niches for statues which were doubtless carried away to Rome. The aged "custode" of the ruins has his own ideas of the plan of the theatre, and complains to every kindly listening visitor that his discoveries have not been sufficiently appreciated by the antiquarian professors of Europe, but we know not their purport or value. Our View of the ancient theatre, and the other local illustrations, are supplied by a correspondent, Mr. G. M. Lynch, who has taken admirably good photographs of the picturesque scenery and buildings at Taormina, and of the wonderful variety of figures and faces, types of quite different races of mankind, South Italian, Gothic, Spanish, Moorish or Arab, and pure Greek, to be met with here in a little community of three thousand people. Taormina should furnish inexhaustible studies for an artist in quest of models or scenes belonging to a Southern clime, and it is as easy to reach as Algiers. There are old Gothic churches, small palazzi with castellated towers, wide arches, balconies, and sculptured decorations, fountains and palm-trees in the piazza, cypresses, olives, and pines on the hills, vineyards and orange-groves, a profusion of flowers, lovely sea views, and a majestic view of Etna, with its crown of ice and snow, the nurse of subterranean fires.

On July 24 Mr. Gerald Walenn and Mr. Stanley Hawley, students at the Royal Academy of Music, had the honour of playing before the Queen at Osborne.

A handsome stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, has been placed in Sandford Church, Devon, as a memorial to the late Lady Ferguson Daire.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

REV. C. STREETER (Hedworth).—The best books for your purpose are "Cook's Synopsis" or "Chess Openings Ancient and Modern," each price 7s. 6d., to be obtained of J. Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Mr. Steinitz is now completing a work on the subject, but the first part only is published.

F. B. (Rockhampton, Queensland).—Your problem shall receive consideration. There are too many useless pieces on the board. In regard to Mr. Healey's Bristol problem, the Bishop at Kt 4th should be Black, preventing Mate on the move, and a B P ought to be on B 5th. We cannot explain the omission in the foreign edition; probably it was owing to pressure during Christmas week.

R. KELLY.—In your three-mover, where is the mate in the following variation after White's first move K to B 4th, 2 Q to Q 6th, 2 P to Q 4th! Thanks for further problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2407 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province); of No. 2408 from L. B. (Bombay) and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry; of No. 2410 from Benjamin Jacobs (Bombay) and B. M. Foster (Boston, USA); of No. 2412 from James Clark (Chester), Oliver Jones (Chester), P. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn.), and B. M. Foster; of No. 2413 from Emil Frau (Lyons), W. R. Rallem, James Mann, and B. M. Foster; of No. 2414 from O. Jones, L. Desanges (Schwallbach), R. Tidmarsh, and Spec; of No. 2414 from O. Jones, L. Desanges (Schwallbach), R. Tidmarsh, P. C. (Shrewsbury), M. R. Fitz-Maurice (Strabane), Major Dalby, Tortobese, Edward Goodwin, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Captain J. A. Challice, Joseph T. Pullen, B. D. Knox, H. Beumann (Berlin), E. W. Brook, F. S. Bishop, F. A. Hill, and J. S. Yeo.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2415 received from Dr. Waltz (Ostend), R. Winters (Canterbury), Martin F. (Glasgow), Dawn, E. E. H. J. Coad, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Columbus, O. E. Perugini, N. Harris, M. Burt, F. Chandler, M. Mullen-dorf (Luxembourg), W. Wright, Julia Short (Exeter), W. R. Rallem, F. Wilson, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), B. D. Knox, R. H. Brooks, Columbus, H. Chown (Brighton), Dr. F. St. Shadforth, H. K. Abbott (Bachman), Fr. Bernardo (Dublin), E. London, T. Roberts, Jupiter Junior, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), D. McCoy (Galway), R. F. N. Banks, T. G. (Ware), Hereward, H. Beumann, J. S. Yeo, F. S. Moss (Clapham), F. Builrago (Liverpool), A. Gwinner, and Emil Frau.

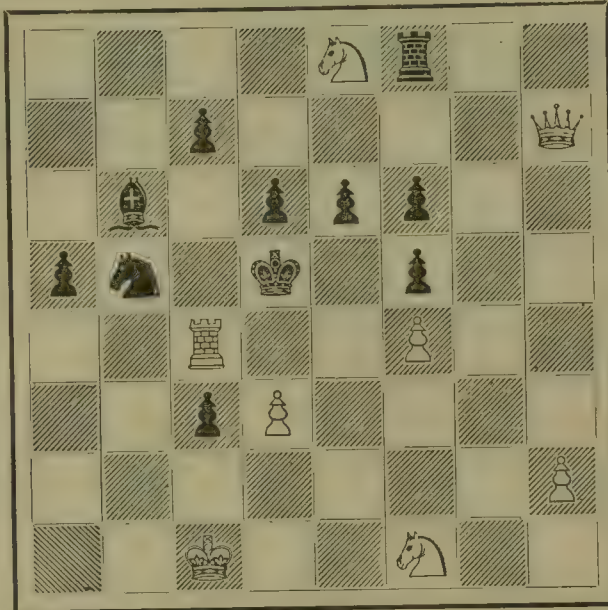
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2413.—By F. G. TUCKER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 3rd. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2417.

By R. KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NORWICH.

The following game has been sent us as the last played by the late Mr. I. O. HOWARD TAYLOR, his opponent being Mr. F. R. BRECHENO. Its style is characteristic of the compiler of "Chess Brilliants."

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th P takes P
5. P to K 5th P to Q 4th
6. B to Q Kt 5th Kt to K 5th
7. Kt takes P B to Q B 4th

The variation of the Two Knights defence here adopted is one of the least favourable to the first player, but this move is decidedly weak. B to Q 2nd is the recognised continuation.

8. P to Q B 3rd
Kt takes Kt would have probably won, although it leaves White with an awkward ending. B to K 3rd is also worth notice.

8. Castles
9. B takes Kt P takes B
10. Castles B to R 3rd
11. R to K sq Q to R 5th
12. B to K 3rd Q R to K sq
13. Kt to B 3rd B takes B

Brilliant enough, but, except to force a draw by Kt takes P (for which Black was under no necessity to try), it seems scarcely sound. There is not only heavy

material loss in the sacrifice, but the attack is broken up as well.

14. Kt takes Q B takes P (ch)
15. K to R sq B takes Kt
16. R takes Kt P takes R
17. P to K Kt 3rd P to K 6th

Carrying audacity to extremes. The only hope of prolonging the fight was by B to Q 3rd.

18. P takes B R to Q sq
19. Q to K sq R to Q 6th
20. Kt to R 3rd K R to Q 4th
21. Kt to B 2nd P to Q B 4th
22. Kt takes P P to Kt 2nd (ch)

23. K to Kt sq B to B 6th
24. K to B 2nd B to R 4th
25. K to Kt 3rd P to K 4th
26. K to B 4th P to K R 3rd
27. P to R 4th K to B 2nd
28. P to R 5th K to K 3rd
29. P to R 6th R (Q sq) to Q 4th

Ingenious to the last, Black's enterprise, however, has been fairly beaten by the steadiness of White's play, which has been proof against assaults and trap alike.

30. Q to R sq, and wins.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The subjoined game was played at the Dudley Chess Club between Messrs. MACAULEY, of Birmingham, and PITCHFORD, of Dudley, Mr. M. playing blindfold.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
4. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd
5. P to Q 5th

Castling is the usual play, but the blindfold player, no doubt, sought to simplify the position by exchanging pieces.

5. Q Kt to K 2nd
6. B takes B (ch) Q takes B
7. P to Q B 4th Kt to K Kt 3rd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
9. Castles B to K 2nd
10. Q to Q 3rd Castles (K R)
11. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K R 4th

A good move, as it restricts White's reply to very narrow limits.

In support of its claim to be the first periodical in England that published chess problems, the *Lancet* of July 19 gives some positions that appeared in its columns in 1823.

The match between Messrs. Blackburne and Lee is, up to the present, remarkable for the number of draws. Both combatants seem to have great respect for each other, and govern their play accordingly. The score at present stands: Blackburne, 2; Lee, 1; drawn, 5.

The following problem, by G. Heathcote, was a competitor in the *East Central Times* tourney, restricted to positions in which White has only K, Q, Kt, and P's. White to play, and mate in two moves.

White: K at K sq, Q at Q 7th, Kt at K 6th, P's at Q B 2nd and K Kt 2nd. Black: K at K 6th; P's at Q B 5th and 6th, K 4th, K B 4th, and K Kt 6th.

The Queen approves the appointment of Lord Montagu to be official Verderer of her Majesty's New Forest, in the room of Lord Basing, resigned; and of the appointment of Sir John Puleston, M.P., to be Constable of Carnarvon Castle, in the room of the late Earl of Carnarvon.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery opened the third annual flower-show of the Window Gardening Society of St. George's-in-the-East, in the grounds of the Rev. C. H. Turner, rector of the parish; and in the evening the prizes gained by the successful exhibitors were distributed by Mr. Ritchie, M.P.

MARRIAGES.

Viscount Glentworth, Rifle Brigade, son of the Earl of Limerick, was married to May Imelda, daughter of Mr. J. Burke Irwin, R.M., of The Priory, Limerick, on July 23, at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan-street. The bridegroom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Frank Repton, as best man; and the bride's sister, Miss Alice Irwin, was bridesmaid.

The Hon. Arthur Henry John Walsh, M.P. for Radnorshire, eldest son of Lord Ormathwaite, was married to Lady Clementine Frances Anne Pratt, only daughter of the late and sister of the present Marquis Camden, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on July 26. A detachment of the 1st Life Guards, to which regiment the bridegroom formerly belonged, lined the aisle during the ceremony. The Hon. Wm. Walsh, Grenadier Guards, brother of the bridegroom, attended as best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Evelyn Green, half-sister of the bride; the Hon. Edith and Hon. Gertrude Walsh, sisters of the bridegroom; the Hon. Frances Guest and Miss Sybil Pratt, cousins of the bride; Lady Gladys Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn; and Miss Scott. The bride was led to the chancel by her step-father, Captain Philip Green, who gave the bride away. The service was fully choral. The Prince of Wales presented the bridegroom with a large black pearl and diamond pin; the Princess of Wales sent two beautiful gold cups; Prince Christian a silver inkstand and bell combined; and the Duchess of Teck a brocade and gold screen. The officers of the 1st Life Guards presented Mr. Walsh with a silver soup-tureen. The tenants on Marquis Camden's Breconshire estates presented the bride with a silver tea and coffee service, and the Bayham tenants gave a case of silver fish-knives. The tenants on Lord Ormathwaite's Radnorshire estate presented the bridegroom with two silver candelabra.

Captain Britten, R.N., was married to the Hon. Blanche Colville, only daughter of Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on July 26, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke of Cambridge. The bridesmaids, all children, were Miss Blanche Littleton, Miss Mary Drury Lowe, the Hon. Mary Willoughby, Miss Sybil Mure, Miss Eva Sandford, and Miss Margaret Colville. The bride was accompanied by her father, who conducted her to the chancel steps, where the first portion of the marriage rite was performed. Her train was held by two pages, Viscount Newry and Master Watson. The service was choral. Captain Markham, R.N., attended the bridegroom as best man. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters were afterwards present at the reception held at Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell's residence in Seamore-place, Mayfair. Among the wedding presents were—from the Princess of Wales, a diamond and sapphire bee brooch; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), a marqueterie bureau; the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, a moonstone and diamond bangle. Ninety-four members and honorary members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, presented the bride with a rivière of diamonds and a diamond pendant, in a silver-gilt casket. Mr. Henry Oakley and the officers of the Great Northern Railway presented her with a diamond pendant and a burl clock on pedestal.

Mr. Edward Johnson of Farringdon, Devon, formerly M.P. for Exeter, was married to Mdlle. Léone Claire Alexandrine Vanthier, who has been for some years connected with the household of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on July 26. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud attended the ceremony. The bridegroom was accompanied by Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., as best man. The Prince and Princess of Wales presented the bride with two massive silver bowls, and the Princesses gave her a bracelet set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

The marriage of the Rev. Frederic W. Cooper, Vicar-designate of Longbridge, Deverill, Wilts, with the Hon. Hilda Sturt, eldest daughter of Lord Alington, took place on July 23, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Henry Cooper, as best man; and the bridesmaids were the bride's two sisters, the Hon. Mildred and Hon. Mabel Sturt. The bride arrived at the church shortly after half past ten o'clock, and was given away by her father. The Bishop of Salisbury officiated, assisted by the Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, vicar of St. Paul's. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of the Hon. Alfred Percy Allsopp, M.P. for Taunton, and youngest son of the first Lord Hindlip, of Hindlip Hall, Worcester, and brother of the present Peer, with Miss L. M. Chesshire, daughter of the Rev. John Stanley Chesshire, Rector of Hindlip, Worcestershire, took place on July 23, in the parish church of that place. The service was conducted by the Dean of Worcester, assisted by the Rev. James Lamb Chesshire, Vicar of Wribbenhall, Bewdley, the uncle of the bride. The bride was given away by her father. There were five bridesmaids—Misses E. Muriel and Ada M. Chesshire, sisters of the bride, and Misses Elizabeth, Ellen, and Ruth Walker, daughters of Mr. T. E. Walker of Studley Castle, Warwickshire, nieces of the bridegroom.

The marriage of Captain Lovell, Coldstream Guards, with Miss Rosalind Lovell, third daughter of Mr. Francis Lovell, took place in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on July 23. The Marquis of Winchester (Coldstream Guards) was best man; and the bridesmaids were Ladies Susan and Clodagh Beresford (cousins of the bride), daughters of the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford; Lady Edith Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon; and the Hon. Mary Hill Trevor, daughter of Lord and Lady Trevor. The non-commissioned officers and men of the bridegroom's company of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards lined the aisle during the ceremony. The Rev. James Smeaton officiated, the bride being given away by her father. The officers of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards presented the bridegroom with a large silver bowl, and those of the 2nd Battalion gave a tall silver centrepiece.

The marriage of Mr. Francis Dudley Williams-Drummond, brother of the present Sir James Williams-Drummond of Hawthornden, with Miss Marguerite Violet Agnew, daughter of Sir Andrew Agnew, who sat as M.P. for Wigtownshire for many years, took place on July 23, in St. Peter's, Eaton-square. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. N. Leeke, M.A., of Inkberrow, Redditch, a brother-in-law to the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Oswald Wardell Yarbrough. The bride was given away by her father. She was attended by the Hon. Aubin Middleton Kinnaird, her nephew, and Miss Dorothea Alma Agnew, her niece, in costume of white satin. The best man was Captain Lionel Fortescue.

The marriage of Mr. J. P. Mellor, eldest son of the Right Hon. J. W. Mellor, P.C., Q.C., with Miss M. R. Pearce-Serocold, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Pearce-Serocold, took place at St. Jude's, South Kensington, on July 24.

The marriage of Mr. William Augustus Rixon with Lady Julia Maria Bolton, widow of Colonel Sir Francis John Bolton, C.E., took place at St. George's, Hanover-square, on July 24.

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birdseye maple, and the chairs in some instances upholstered
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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The last specialty of the season was the recent performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." It is the most ambitious, although not the most successful, work of its composer. M. Thomas gained deserved celebrity by several operas of a lighter class, notably by "Mina," "Les Caïds," and "Le songe d'une nuit d'été"—not to mention several others—all being transcended by "Mignon." "Hamlet" was first produced at Paris in 1868, and, during several past seasons, was given, in an Italian version, at our London opera establishments; the fine performances of Madame Christine Nilsson as Ophelia, and M. Faure in the title-character (both in the original French and afterwards in the Italian version), having been special features. Other eminent artists have also appeared with success in the principal characters, including Madame Albani, Madame Irma di Murska, and Mr. Santley. The opera had not been heard very recently until given by Mr. Harris.

The music, while comprising much that is masterly and interesting, cannot be considered as realising the Shakspearean spirit, either in its lighter or its more serious aspects. In the latter respect, something like the genius of Beethoven would be needed to meet the requirements. There is but little, if any, suggestion of the supernatural in the scene of Hamlet's address to the Ghost; the Drinking song assigned to Hamlet is more demonstrative than dignified; nor does the music of the soliloquy worthily illustrate the subtle doubt of the metaphysical Prince; and the great scene with the Queen fails to realise the tragic interest of the dramatic situation. It is in the lighter scenes that M. Thomas has succeeded best—as in the love-passages for Ophelia, and especially in the scene of her death, with the introduced Swedish air and its graceful surroundings. In the original book, too, the French librettists (Messrs. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier) have taken liberties such as have too long been usual in adapting dramatic works to operatic purposes. It were to be wished that great Shakspearean subjects were left alone by composers and authors whose genius is not of the highest class. M. Thomas's "Mignon" will continue to please after his "Hamlet" is forgotten. In the recent representation of the latter work the cast included some very strong features. The two principal characters were sustained, respectively, by Madame Melba and M. Lassalle. The lady as Ophelia acted and sang with genuine poetic grace and refined musical sentiment, especially in the pathetic closing scene, and, altogether, left nothing to be desired, even in comparison with the other great artists who have preceded her in the character. M. Lassalle's Hamlet was a remarkably fine performance, both in its musical and its dramatic aspects. In bearing he was by turns dignified and impulsive without being stilted or extravagant—the meditative scenes being rendered with excellent suggestiveness, and those of overt sentiment and passion with impressiveness and force free from exaggeration. Much importance was given to the cast by the co-operation of Mdle. Richard as the Queen; this secondary character having been raised into unusual prominence by the dignified bearing and excellent declamation of the lady, who has recently established as high a position as a prima donna here as that which she has previously held in the same capacity at the Paris Opéra. The subordinate characters in "Hamlet" were sustained in a manner worthy of their surroundings: M. Isnardon as the King, M. Montariol as Laertes, M. Darval as the Ghost, and others, contributed, in their respective degrees, to the completion of an excellent cast.

The splendour of the stage accessories and the efficiency of the choral and orchestral performances were as noticeable as usual under Mr. Harris's lesseeship. Signor Beignani conducted.

"Les Huguenots" was repeated on July 25 with some changes from the recent cast. Miss Ella Russell, as Valentina, sang and acted with high vocal and dramatic power, and Mdle. Pinkert was a graceful Margherita di Valois; M. E. de Reszké having, as before, been excellent as Maccello. The cast again included Signor Ravelli as Raoul, and other familiar features.

An extra night, and "farewell performance," was announced for July 28.

The season just expired opened on May 19 with a performance of Gounod's "Faust," in which the brothers J. and E. de Reszké reappeared, and manifested the same exceptional vocal and dramatic excellence as in last year's performances. On subsequent occasions during the season just ended, these excellent artists proved their rare merits. Among other more or less well-known performers who contributed on various occasions to the general efficiency of this season's representations were M. Lassalle, Mesdames Melba, Nordica, and Scalchi, Mdle. De Lussan, Misses Macintyre and Ella Russell, Madame Fürsch-Madi, Mdle. Bauermeister, Signori Ravelli, D'Andrade, Dufriehe, Montariol, Darvall, Miranda, Abramoff, Isnardon, Rinaldini, Winogradoff, and Miranda. More or less successful appearances were made by Mesdames Richard, Nuovina, Tavery, and Tetrassini, Mdle. Pinkert, Signori Valero, Ybos, Franceschetti, Mr. P. Greene, M. Gobalet, and others.

Conspicuous among the performances of the past season were those of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," M. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," and Donizetti's "La Favorite"—with the French text—and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," Mr. A. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" having been given with an adaptation of the original English book to a French version. Although no absolute novelty has been produced, the excellence with which classical and popular works have been musically rendered, and the splendour of the stage accessories, have given a special interest to the proceedings.

The orchestra, led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, has been of the same high efficiency as in recent seasons, and the chorus has again offered a strong and welcome contrast to that of some past seasons, when the choristers rarely sang in tune, and had little more semblance of dramatic impulse than so many lay figures. The onerous duties of conductor have been excellently filled alternately by Signor Mancinelli, Signor Beignani, and Mr. Randegger; and the scenic and other stage arrangements have been of the picturesque and costly nature to which Mr. Harris's management has accustomed us. A word is due in recognition of the skilful performances of Mdle. Palladino as principal dancer.

For the farewell performance of July 28—an extra night—"Carmen" was promised, with an exceptionally strong cast, including M. J. de Reszké as Don José (for the first time here), M. Lassalle as Escamillo (also for the first time), Mdle. De Lussan in the title-character, and Madame Melba as Michaela.

The annual concert by, and presentation of prizes to, students of the London Academy of Music, recently took place at St. George's Hall, Langham-place. The promising vocal performances of Misses L. Dufour and T. Blamy, and the skilful violin-playing of Miss E. Salmon, were particularly noticeable. Signor Raimo made an address in which he bore

testimony to the merits of the late D. A. Wylde (the founder of the institution), and the awards were presented by Miss Macintyre, who was formerly a student at the London Academy of Music.

The Royal College of Music recently gave a Students' Orchestral Concert, the performances at which offered favourable manifestation of the progress of the pupils in the rendering of important works. Miss E. Sharpe as pianist, and Miss A. Elieson as violoncellist, particularly distinguished themselves in solo pieces.

The Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Fête took place at the Crystal Palace on July 26, with the co-operation of some 3000 certificated singers.

The annual distribution of prizes to students of the Royal Academy of Music took place at St. James's Hall on July 26, the presentation being made by Lady Randolph Churchill. On the previous afternoon, the last students' concert of the season took place—also in St. James's Hall—several of the pupils having displayed much skill, especially Miss E. Barns, a very young violinist, Messrs. Kipps and Lamb as pianists, and Misses Surgey, Hughes, and Snow as vocalists.

That excellent institution the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind—so efficiently directed by Dr. Campbell at Norwood—gave its annual concert and prize festival at the Crystal Palace on July 25, when much talent was displayed in organ performances by Misses M. Davis and Lucas and Mr. Matheson, and by Miss C. Davis and Mr. A. Hollins as pianists. There was also some good part-singing by pupils, and the co-operation of Mr. Manns and the Crystal Palace band was an important feature. The prizes and certificates were presented by the Duchess of Westminster.

The next specialty in London music will be the opening of a new season of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas. Of the arrangements we must speak hereafter.

The Earl of Jersey has been appointed Governor of New South Wales, on the retirement of Lord Carrington, who returns to this country in November next.

The Duke of Devonshire has caused a circular to be issued to his tenantry in the counties of Cork and Waterford granting them a reduction of 15 per cent. in their rents now due. The present rent collection is the most satisfactory one which has taken place on the estate for five or six years.

The unique collection (500 in number) of drawings and designs by the late Thomas Stothard, R.A., recently presented to the nation by Mr. Felix Joseph, has been removed from the South London Art Gallery, where it has been on temporary loan, to the Castle Museum at Nottingham, which is its final destination.

An exhibition of the works done by students of the Schools of Art was opened to the public on July 26 in one of the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. The exhibits are mainly drawings and paintings, some from the life, others from the antique, and on the whole show a degree of merit which must be highly satisfactory to the examiners. The number of works sent up for examination was 54,780 from 233 schools of art and branch schools, 43,710 from 317 science schools, and 37,761 from 265 art classes. Of these, 2084 were selected for national competition, and the exhibition is composed of those which have obtained distinction. Five gold medals, fifty-one silver, and 132 bronze medals, and 263 prizes of books have been awarded.

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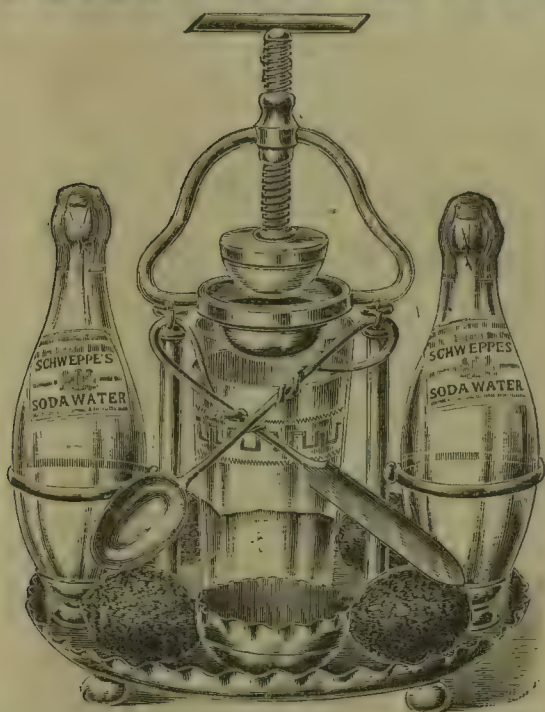
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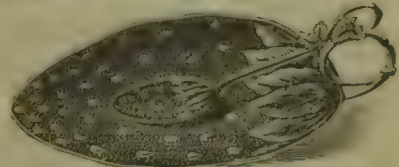


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For Ladies' Column, see page 154.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Though the London season has no fixed date for beginning, it may truthfully be described as ending on the Sunday before Goodwood. After that, the great world of fashion, the world that lives to amuse itself and tries to persuade itself that its amusements are duties, is dispersed. The Sunday morning walk in the Park on the Sunday preceding the races at the Duke of Richmond's is, therefore, the last "function" of the season, the last occasion for general meeting of those who are bound immediately for all sorts of distractions. So the new gowns for Goodwood are often put on for this day in the Park. It is the opportunity for showing the dresses to "everybody," before they go to the comparative privacy of Goodwood, the German Bad, Cowes, and the country house.

Full sleeves are so universal that it must be doubtful if they will last into the winter. A new feature appeared in a gown worn by a stylish Peeress—the two sleeves were not made exactly alike. The material was black soutache (that is, alternate narrow stripes of satin ribbon, plain net and embroidered net) over black satin mervilleux, and the sleeves were of black mervilleux. They were cut full and high at the shoulder, but sloped off so rapidly as to fit almost as tightly as a glove below the elbow. The left sleeve was finished with a high epaulette and handkerchief-point drapery hanging as far as the elbow behind, of soutache, while the right sleeve had a jet butterfly sitting on the shoulder and a cord worked with jet falling down over the arm. The bodice was made of mervilleux-covered soutache, with a yoke

and belt of jet embroidery. The whole dress was an illustration of how smart and striking a plain black gown can be made. A black velvet and white silk striped dress produced a curious effect by the front of the skirt being so cut as to form three large V's from hem to waist. The bodice was made with a plain black silk corselet and sleeves, both covered with fancy net, the yoke showing the stripes again.

Dark terra-cotta smooth cloth, with embroidered velvet of a rather deeper shade, and tan leather, were all curiously combined in a handsome dress; the Swiss belt was of tan leather, edged with an appliqué pattern of velvet, which was embroidered at its edges, and a band, similarly treated, passed round the bottom of the skirt; the full sleeves were entirely of the terra-cotta cloth, trimmed round and caught in at three places with straps of leather and velvet. A simple but pretty gown was of camel's-hair cloth, in its natural pale-brown colour, combined with an equally delicate brown and white check. The latter made the bulk of the skirt, a panel only of the self-coloured material appearing at the left side; while the folded bodice was almost wholly of the camel's-hair, only sleeves and a three-cornered vest being of the check. This was the kind of gown in which any woman might appear anywhere; yet it was stylish. Another plain yet original dress was of heliotrope cloth with an absolutely plain "sheath" skirt, and a bodice that fastened invisibly under the arms, and was perfectly tight-fitting, relieved only by three pointed straps of heliotrope-and-silver brocade from collar to bust, and two other smaller ones let in like gussets at the bottom of the bodice so as to fit into the

breast-darts; the sleeves were plain but for an epaulette point of the same brocade.

A pretty fête gown was of white silk closely flowered with shrimp pink and green bouquets, the skirt slightly cut away at the bottom at the left side to show a simulated underskirt of shrimp silk, and the yoke and sleeves were of a similar pink silk covered with white embroidery. A rather bright shade of blue foulard striped with white had a band of blue-and-white check round the bottom, and a front to the bodice of the check gathered into the waist without darts. An eau-de-nil cloth dress had a loose-edged bodice embroidered with gold, and held together over a vest of folded white chiffon by three bands of green velvet ribbon; the skirt had a similar panel, the edges of the cloth coming against it being embroidered with gold.

Miss Lydia Becker, who in the early days of the Women's Suffrage movement was one of its best-known workers, has died under melancholy circumstances at Geneva. She had gone to a neighbouring mountain village for a rest, and, finding herself ill, she hastened down to be near a doctor and nurses in the large town. But no hotel would receive her in her sick condition, and she was constrained to go to the hospital, where she died without any friend near but her maid, and after only a day or two of illness. She was a woman of great ability, with a logical mind and a powerful will. But if these qualities made her very useful to the Suffrage Cause in its early days, her appearance and manners certainly were the reverse, for she was uncommonly plain and hard-looking, and she did not cover her natural disadvantages by that gracious benignity of manner which makes some ugly elderly

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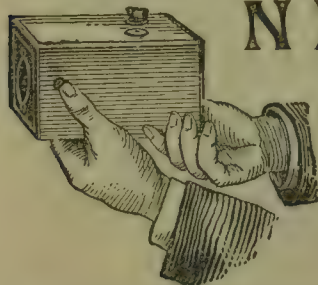
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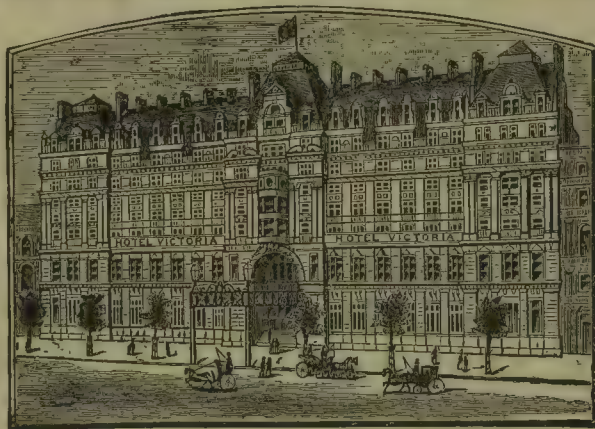
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women so perfectly charming. It was, doubtless, unjust that a woman's cause should be prejudiced, as a man's would not have been, by the personality of one of its best-known advocates. But grace, elegance, and graciousness are so eminently suitable to womanhood that their absence outweighs in many minds any more solid qualities. In her later years, Miss Becker did mischief by her persistent efforts to keep in the Women's Suffrage Bill the clause making marriage a disqualification for citizenship for women. But she steadily did her best for a cause that she had really at heart, and that best was often very able.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the Committee of the House of Lords on the Bishop of Peterborough's Infants' Life Protection Bill. The point of this measure is to prevent parents of the working class from receiving assurance money on the deaths of their young children. The Bishop proposes that the amount that may be assured shall be very small; and he did originally go further, and say that the small amount in question should be paid, not to the parents, but to the undertaker. I cannot see that there are any arguments to support these propositions, except such as may be directed against life assurance altogether, while the grave disadvantages of the proposals are surely obvious. They must act in checking and stigmatising the too rare virtues of foresight and thrift among the working classes, discouraging them from preparing by this co-operative saving for the emergencies of life, and insulting them by the implication that they are not fit to be trusted as parents, but will prefer a little money to their children's lives. It is said that the possibility of obtaining money on a child's death does, in fact, lead poor people to murder their children. No doubt this occasionally happens: so it does in the assurance of grown-up persons, whole

series of adult murders having been on several occasions prompted by this ghastly motive. But life assurance was not therefore prohibited. It is altogether a libel on the poor to suppose that they are, as a class, accessible to such a temptation.

There are as many mothers bringing up families on a pound a week as there are of women of fashion, who passionately love their little ones, and would give their pecuniary all to save the baby's life. The proof of this in statistics is before the committee: it appears to be a fact that cannot be contradicted that the children assured do not die in quite as large a proportion as those who are not assured. This is what I should have expected, the fundamental fact of the case being that the parents who assure their children are not, on the whole, murderers and wretches, but, on the contrary, are the superior, thoughtful, foreseeing portion of the working-class, who assure simply because they care for their families' future, and wish to be prepared to meet the possible sorrow of death without having at the crisis to starve the living children in order to pay the doctor, the undertaker, and the price of the foolish but inevitable "bit of black." Hence the children of assuring parents, as a whole, should be likely to have a better chance of living than those of reckless, selfish, "spend-as-you-go" men and women, and, as a fact, it seems the assured children do live best. How can there be any justification, in face of this fact, for at once insulting and inconveniencing the thrifty working parents who wish to be prepared, by assurance, for the possible evil that may come into any individual family, however loved and tended?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Our readers have, no doubt, been pleased with the Views of Heligoland which we recently published, from lithographs sent us by Dr. Emil Lindemann, a German physician who has

long been resident in that salubrious and interesting little island. They represented sketches, drawn by his mother, of the most picturesque features of its scenery. We have received a copy of Dr. Lindemann's treatise, published last year by August Hirschwald at Berlin, entitled "Die Nordseeinsel Heligoland," which contains an accurate scientific description of the island, from the topographical, geological, meteorological, and sanitary points of view; an account of its history, and of the small native population, their affinities of race, language, traditions, manners, and customs, with references to all books giving any information upon these subjects, and with a chronological table of historical events from the earliest date of the Christian era. It is a work of considerable research and study, combined with the author's personal observations, and methodically arranged in little more than one hundred pages. To those who think of resorting to Heligoland for the sake of health, as a summer bathing-place, or to their medical advisers, Dr. Lindemann's statistics will be of much practical utility, and many of our own countrymen read German. Those who do not will find plenty of local description, and curious antiquarian or historical lore, in Mr. W. G. Black's excellent little book, "Heligoland and the Islands of the North Sea," published two years ago by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, to which we have more than once referred. An appendix to Dr. Lindemann's work, which is furnished with good maps and charts, is a spirited narrative of the important naval battle, on May 9, 1864, between the German and the Danish squadron in the Schleswig-Holstein War. There can be no doubt that the possession of this island is of some value to Germany for defensive purposes, and few Englishmen will grudge so just an advantage to a friendly nation.

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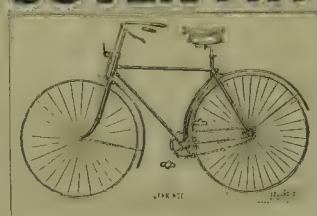
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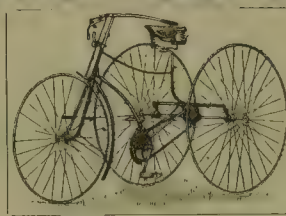
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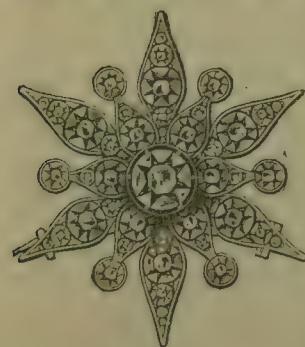
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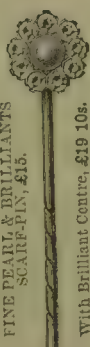
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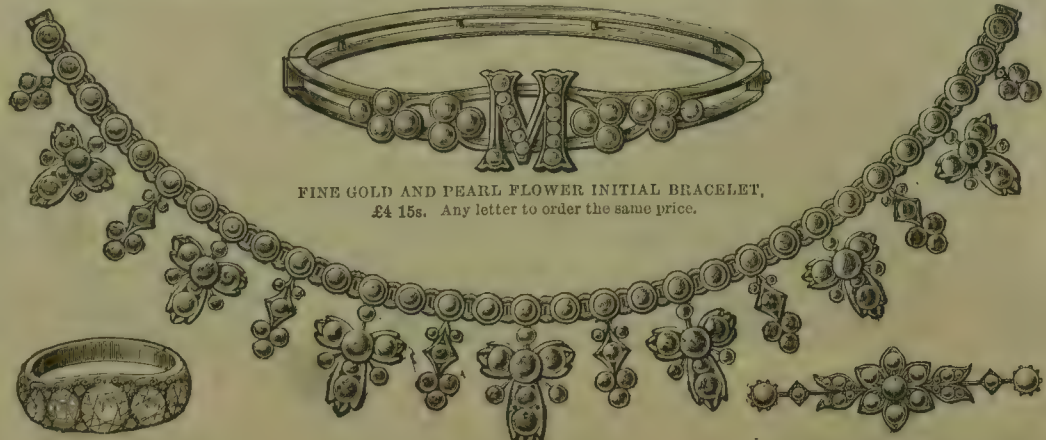


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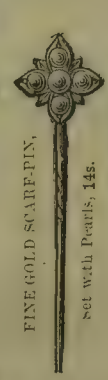


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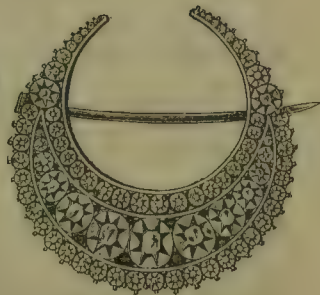
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AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
Extension of Time for Ordinary Return Tickets for dis-
tances over ten miles, from Friday, Aug. 1, to Friday, Aug. 8,
also the Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from
London, &c., at the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, Aug. 2, will be
available for return on any day up to and including Wednes-
day, Aug. 6.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE,

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Special Express Day Service Weekdays and Sundays.

London to Paris (1 & 2 Class).		Paris to London (1 & 2 Class).	
Victoria ..	dep. 9.0 a.m.	Paris ..	dep. 9.0 a.m.
London Bridge ..	9.0 a.m.	London Bridge ..	arr. 7.0 p.m.
Paris ..	arr. 6.50 p.m.	Victoria ..	7.0 p.m.

Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays.

London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class).		Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).	
Victoria (West-End) ..	8.50 p.m.	Paris (St. Lazare) ..	8.50 p.m.
London Bridge (City) ..	9 p.m.	London Bridge (City) ..	arr.
Paris (St. Lazare) ..	8.0 a.m.	Victoria (West-End) ..	7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.
Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.
Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION TO PARIS.

Cheap Fourteen-Day Excursions from Victoria and London

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Return Fares, First Class 39s. 3d., Second Class 30s. 3d.,

Third Class, by Night Service only, 26s.

Tickets at the same fares also issued, Saturday, Aug. 2, from

all other principal Stations on the London, Brighton, and

South Coast Railway, by all Ordinary Trains to Newhaven, in

time to connect with the above Services.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, AUG. 2,

from Victoria 8.25 a.m. and 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction

from Kensington (Addison-road) 8.10 a.m. and 1.50 p.m.,

calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from

London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross,

Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.

Returning Tuesday, Aug. 5, by certain Evening Trains

only. Fare, Third Class 5s.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 4.—CHEAP DAY

Excursions from London to Brighton, Lewes,

THE "REX" TAILOR-MADE SHIRT. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.



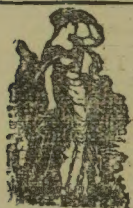
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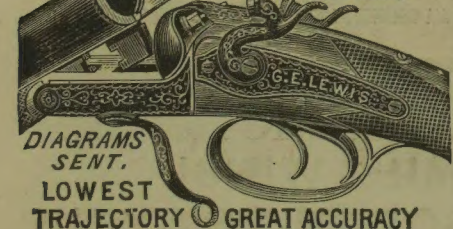
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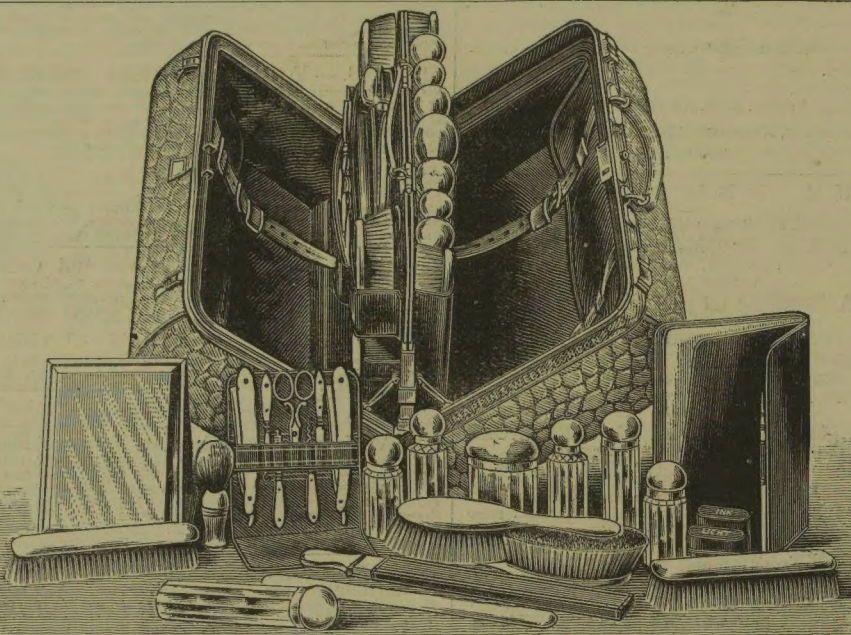
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 The Steamer will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—
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 Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
 Brilliantly illuminated Gardens.
 Fireworks every Monday night.

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 Bands Play Daily from 12 noon to 11 p.m.

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 3 to 4 p.m.—Grand Display of Physical Drill by the 1st Bat-
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 5 to 7 p.m.—Combined Display by the Royal Engineers, 17th
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 7.30 p.m.—Grand Assault-at-Arms by Professor D'Arcy
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 9.20 p.m.—Grand Display of Fireworks by Mr. Joseph Wells,
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ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following events will take place during the week—
 Encampment on Active Service practically illustrated by
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 Grand Display by the Polytechnic Gymnastic Staff, under
 the Direction of Colour-Sergeant H. Elliott.
 Grand Assault-at-Arms by Staff-Sergeant Drake and
 Members of the Finsbury Polytechnic Gymnasium.
 Assault-at-Arms by Members of the Lambeth Polytechnic.
 Assault-at-Arms by the Aldershot Artillery.
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 For Details, see Daily Papers.

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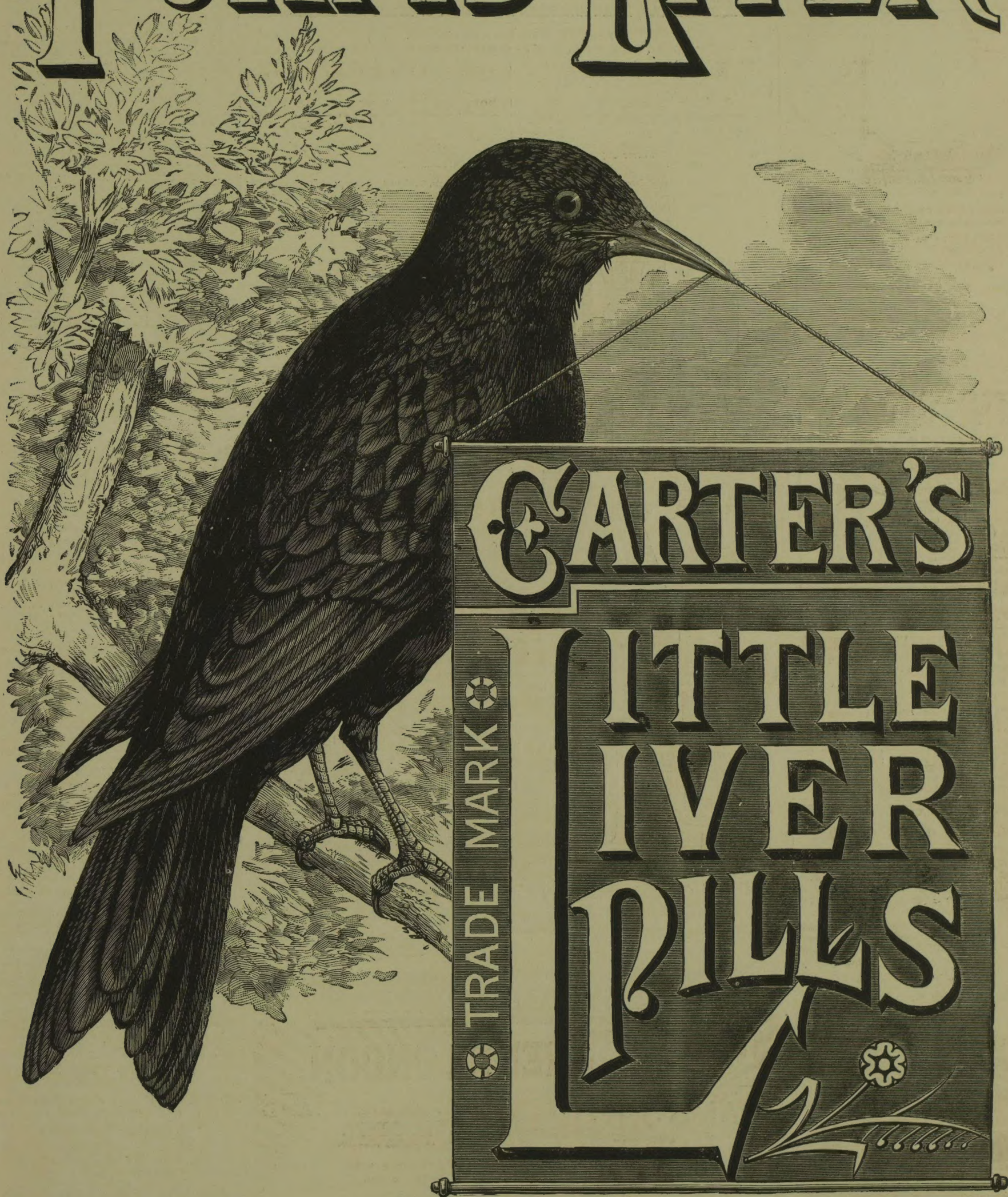
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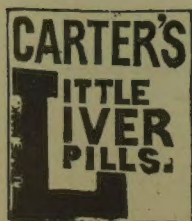
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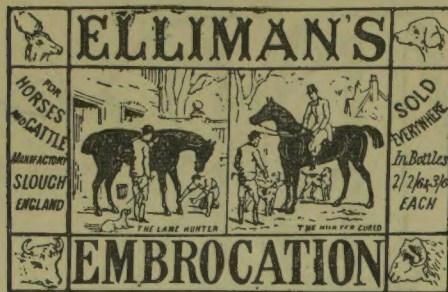
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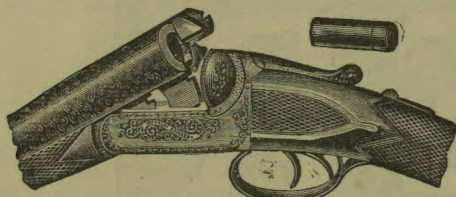
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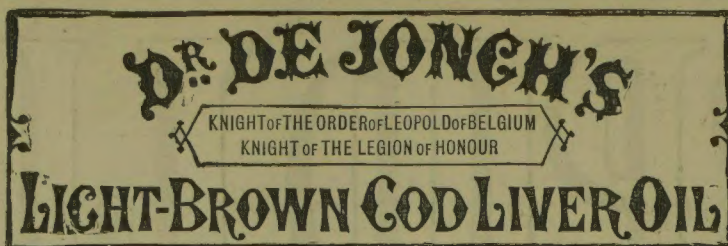
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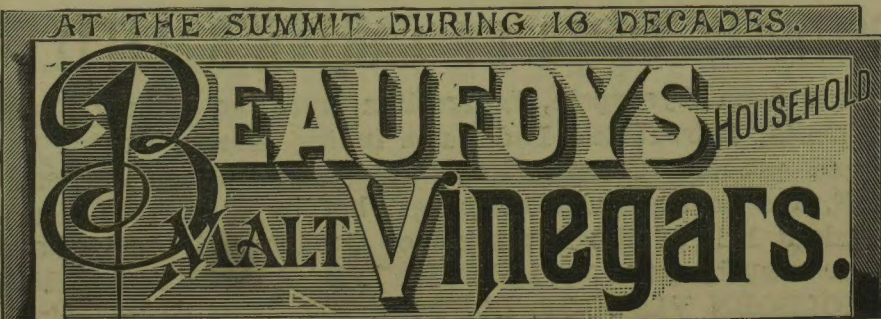
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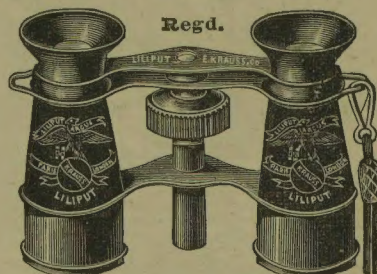
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